LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
No. 17382 14
1879
CITY OF WASHINGTON

FRANK LESLIE'S
BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.
An Illustrated Journal of Amusement, Adventure, and Instruction.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by Frank Leslie, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

No. 676.—Vol. XXVII. NEW YORK, OCTOBER 4, 1879. Five Cents a Copy. $2.50 a Year, Postage Free.

READ OUR NEW STORY.

The Young Hero of Cape Ann; Or, The Fishing Trip of an American Boy.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ENCOUNTER.

GRADUALLY the dim outlines of the boat became visible through the fog, and the light of a lantern now flashed upon the shadowy forms of the occupants.

The boat was headed straight toward the spot where the young captain stood.

"Who's there?" came the voice o. a man upright in the bow, as the oarsmen stopped pulling.

"It is I," answered George.

"And who the deuce is *I*?" repeated the man. "Are you the person who fired off the gun?"

"Yes."

"Why did you fire it? Your bullet might have struck us."

At this there was a hoarse peal of laughter from the others.

"There was no bullet in the gun. I only fired it to give warning."

"Warning of what?"

"Of your coming."

"And what the deuce have *you* to do with our coming? Better save your powder for a better purpose."

"I had reason to think you were of the coast gang, and that you meant mischief. I think so still."

The man laughed contemptuously.

And so we peaceable fishermen cannot go about our business without having a warning shot against us by a Yankee? Come, lad, own that you have made a fool of yourself."

"I shall own nothing of the sort."

"You won't?"

"No."

"Then you are even a bigger fool than I took you for. Suppose now that we had meant mischief? There are ten of us here, and we could have eaten you, all alone as you are, here on this bit of rock."

"You forget that I am armed."

"I thought you said you hadn't any bullets?"

"No; I said there was none in my gun when I fired before."

"Oh, that's it; but there is one in your gun now?"

"Yes."

"Meant for us, I suppose?"

"Not unless you should force me to use it."

"And do you think we are afraid of your gun?"

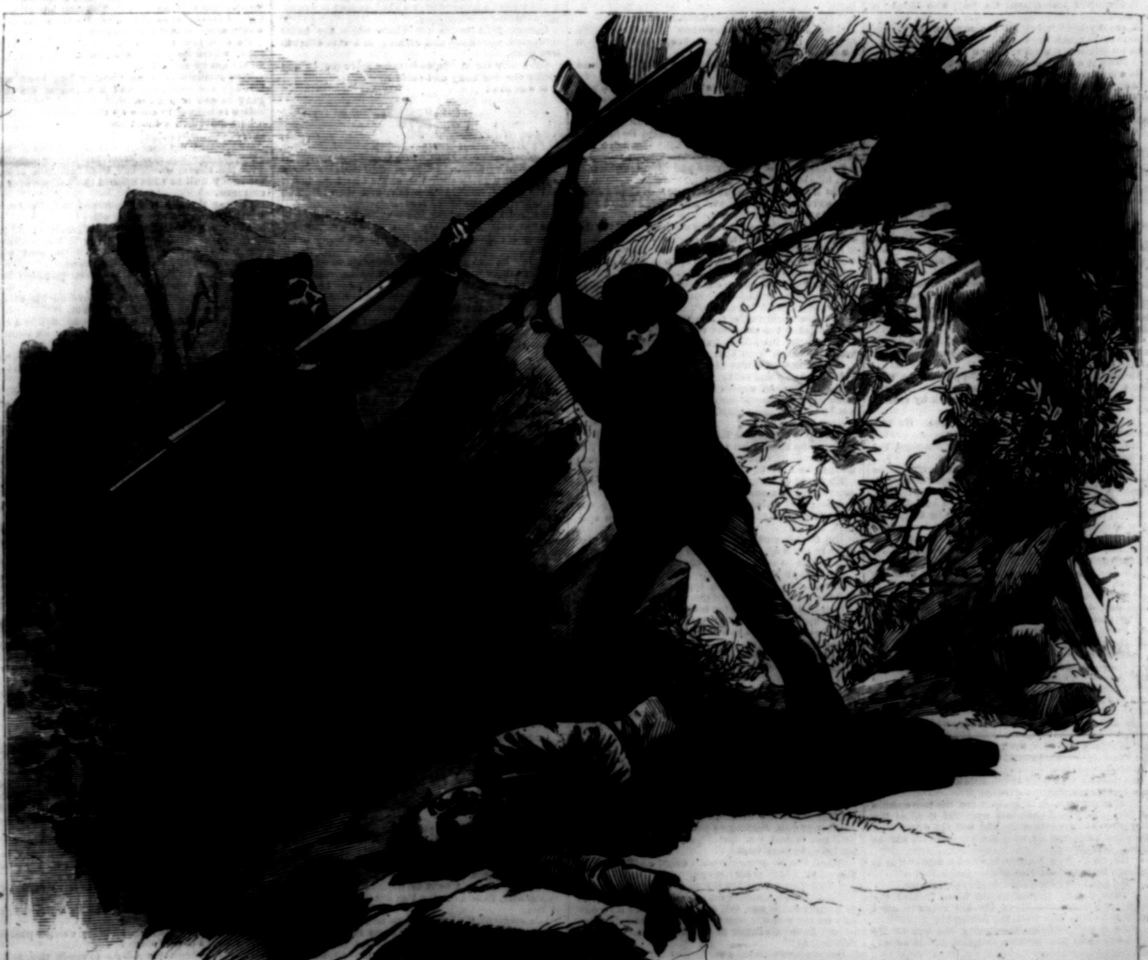
"I have not troubled myself with the question as to whether you are or not."

"Come, now, my lad, I'll wager you couldn't hit me as I stand, if you fired at me?"

"It would not be well for you to risk it."

The sound of oars in the distance was now heard. George knew that his stout fellows were pulling for the rock with might and main.

"I suppose those are your shipmates coming to the rescue?" said the man, sarcastically.



"IN ANOTHER SECOND, SO QUICK WERE THE MOVEMENTS OF BRUNT, HE WOULD HAVE LAID OPEN THE HEAD OF THE BOY FROM FOREHEAD TO CHIN, HAD NOT THE OTHER MAN KNOCKED ASIDE THE AX WITH THE BLADE OF HIS OAR AS IT WAS DESCENDING."

"Yes; they will soon be here."

"To pick you up?"

"I expect so."

"Then you expect wrong. Pull ahead, lads!"

"Keep back!" cried George, leveling his piece, "or I will put a bullet through your body."

A man behind the one who had acted as spokesman suddenly rose upright, and pointed a pistol at the head of the youth.

By the light of the lantern George then, to his surprise, recognized Will Brunt.

Ere the boy could pull the trigger of his gun Brunt discharged the pistol.

The bullet passed within an inch of the young captain's temple.

The rocking of the boat alone had saved his life.

Without hesitation, he now fired his gun.

The report was followed by a wild, scornful peal of laughter. Oarsmen and all, ere the gun went off, had dropped into the bottom of the boat, and not one was struck.

"Now, then, men!" shouted Brunt, "at him before he can reload!"

George had scarcely time to draw a cartridge, when the boat struck the rock, and its occupants sprang out.

The youth made a blow with the butt of his piece at the foremost man, who, provided with a hatchet, had sprung toward him.

The stock of the gun struck the sailor slantingly on the head, knocking him, half stunned, against one of his companions, who fell with him into shallow water.

"Come on!" shouted Brunt. "Let us finish him before his men come to his aid!"

"Ay, ay, down with the cursed Yankee!" cried another.

As they all sprang toward him, George climbed to the summit of a rock near him, and there stood brandishing his gun.

Not more than one person at a time could reach him there.

He had no chance to reload, however, for the moment he should have attempted to do so his foes would have rushed up to attack him, one after the other.

From his elevated position he now had the advantage of them.

"Better clear yourselves!" he cried. "You cannot reach me here, and my men are fast coming up. If you wait for them, I warn you that they will give you such a thrashing as you'll never forget!"

In fact, the noise of the approaching oars sounded every moment nearer.

"We were fools to come off with only one pistol and with only a charge for one shot," said Brunt.

As he spoke, watching his chance, he hurled, with all his might, a hatchet at the head of the young American.

The weapon just missed the boy, who dodged it in time.

A stoutly-built fellow, at the same moment, endeavored to climb the rock.

In an instant up went the stock of the boy's gun, and down it came with a whirring sound.

The man, however, contrived to dodge it, and the stock, striking the sharp edge of the rock, was shivered to pieces.

Ere George could use the remains of the gun the man was upon him.

A desperate struggle ensued.

"Knife him! stab him, Bill!" shouted Brunt, as, provided with a heavy ax, he proceeded to climb the rock.

Just then the foot of the youth struck a rugged spur, and he fell upon his back, his antagonist uppermost.

He threw his whole weight on the boy, and pressed both hands upon his throat.

"Why don't you put your knife in his ribs?" cried Brunt.

"No, no! We'll do no murder!" said the man. "It is but a boy, after all."

Brunt had now got upon the rocky platform.

Raising his ax, he moved round the two struggling combatants, vainly looking for a chance to deal George a blow on the head with the blade of the instrument he held.

While he was still striving to do so, George, in his movements to free himself, rolled to the very edge of the rugged platform.

In his efforts to fling off his opponent, he suddenly went over the edge of rock, his adversary just saving himself from going with him by clutching a protruding spur.

George fell a distance of seven feet. He was somewhat bruised, but not much hurt.

He rose and darted into a hollow amongst the rocks, close to the edge of the sea.

The noise made by his approaching shipmates now betokened that they were not more than two hundred fathoms off.

He crouched in the hollow and awaited their coming, hoping that Brunt and his men would not stop to search for him.

Already he could see the light of the boat-lantern, and he doubted not he would escape the gang on the rock.

All at once he heard the voice of Brunt near his retreat.

"He has crawled in here, I think. Bring the lantern, one of you."

The glare of the lantern flashed into the hollow, and Brunt saw George.

"Here he is; this way!" he called.

George darted along the edge of the sea, and was about to crouch behind a broad rock, when a heavy blow descended upon his head, and he fell senseless.

"You got it that time, my boy!" came the hoarse voice of the man who had struck him.

He had used the blade of an oar, which he now held, with both hands.

"Where is he? Let me get to the rascal!" came the voice of Brunt, the next moment, as he rushed toward the spot.

He raised his ax over the prostrate youth, his pitiless black eyes flashing cruelly.

In another second, so quick were the movements of Brunt, he would have laid open the head of the boy from forehead to chin, had not the other man knocked aside the ax with the blade of his oar as it was descending.

"No, no! Why murder him?" he said. "It is enough that we have him in our power."

"He must die! He shall die!" cried Brunt.

"That is your thirsty Indian blood!" said the man. "I would not have the lad killed! All I want is to keep him from the fishing!"

"Be it so," said Brunt, lowering the ax. "My time will come yet; now we've got him," he added, mentally.

"Look sharp here! We must be off before the boat comes!" called the man who seemed to be the leader of the gang.

Half a dozen of the party carried the senseless form to the boat; the crew sprang in, and the muffled oars were soon working rapidly in the row-locks.

When George at last opened his eyes he found himself in total darkness.

Confused and surprised, he raised himself on his elbow, vainly striving to pierce the deep gloom which enveloped him.

Then he strove to recall his scattered recollections.

For some time he was unsuccessful, but at last the remembrance of his encounter on the rock with the coast gang flashed on his mind.

"Ay," he muttered. "I think I must have been knocked senseless and then brought here. But what kind of a place can it be?"

He rose and reached about the apartment.

It seemed to be a sort of dungeon. He felt the bare ground under his feet, and as he groped along the sides of the inclosure with outstretched hands, he touched the damp stones of a wall.

At length he heard above him the sound of footsteps and voices.

Then a trap-door over his head was opened, and the rays of a lantern streamed down into the dungeon.

A ladder was thrust through the opening of the trap, and two men descended, one of them armed with a pistol, the other carrying a pitcher and a loaf of bread.

These men wore huge sou'westers, nearly concealing their features, coarse jackets and trowsers and heavy sea-boots.

They confronted George, and the one with the provisions deposited the latter near the heap of straw upon which the young captain had found himself lying when he recovered his senses.

"Well, lad, how do you feel?" said the person with the pistol.

"It cannot matter to you," said George. "Why have you brought me here?"

"Simply because we wanted to stop your fishing on English grounds."

"I have a right to do so."

"We do not think so. Promise that you will never come so near our coast again, and we will set you at liberty. You see we are willing to take your word. We have confidence enough in you to know that you would keep your promise."

"I shall never make any such promise while the American flag waves," answered George.

"Then I wish it would stop waving—at any rate, over our fishing-grounds," said the Englishman, with a hoarse laugh.

"You will never be gratified in that respect," said George. "You had better set me free, or you will suffer for it. Do you suppose you can kidnap an American with impunity, and keep him a prisoner?"

"None but ourselves know you are a prisoner here."

"My men will find it out sooner or later."

"Not so. How can they know what has become of you? Here we mean to keep you until you make the promise we require."

"Then you will keep me here until I die," said George.

"As you wish. "We will do the best we can for you while you are here, but we will not let you go until we have that promise."

"What place have you brought me to?"

"It is an out-of-the-way place, where there is no danger of your being found. That is all we can tell you."

So saying, the man turned and mounted the ladder, followed by his companion.

The trap was closed and fastened so soon as the two were in the room above, and George found himself again in total darkness.

After the footsteps of the twain had receded, the boy mounted the ladder and tried the trap-door.

It was securely fastened, and he knew that it would be impossible for him to open it without tools.

Still he was not discouraged.

It occurred to him that, could he make a hole under the foundation large enough to crawl through, he might contrive to escape.

But how could he do this without a spade or any instrument of the sort used for digging?

He felt for his sheath-knife, but discovered that had been taken from him.

His pocket-knife was also gone.

He sat down and reflected.

Then it flashed upon him that he might accomplish his purpose by means of a sharp stone. It would be slow and tedious work; still it was worth trying.

But from where was the stone to be obtained?

From the foundation inclosing his dungeon. But even should he succeed in scooping the hole, would he then be able to escape?

He might or he might not. At all events, he was determined to make the trial.

A long and careful search, made by feeling the wall with his hands, was at last crowned with success.

His fingers came in contact with a sharp, flat stone in the wall, and by dint of pulling and moving it from side to side, he succeeded in drawing it out.

He at once went to work.

The ground was hard on top, but it became soft and moist as he deepened the hole.

In fact, it was a little *too* moist to satisfy him. His hands were soon wet, and in the course of an hour they were immersed to the wrists in water.

The dungeon was evidently on low ground, and not far from the sea.

George had now made a hole about two feet deep, and he was still scooping away when he again heard footsteps.

He threw some straw over the excavation to conceal it, which he had scarcely done when the trap opened. As the light of a lantern streamed into the dungeon, the hoarse voice of the man who had visited the youth before was heard.

"Down, Satan, down, and keep your eye on him."

There was a fierce growl, and into the dungeon bounded a huge animal, something between a wolf and a Newfoundland dog.

"I send you company, my lad!" cried the man. "Satan is a wise creature, and he'll keep watch and ward over you. So long as you do not try to escape he'll not molest you, but if you do, expect to feel his fangs in your throat!"

"And how do you suppose I could escape from a place like this?" cried George.

"You might possibly try to tear down some of the wall," was the answer. "Not that it would do you any good if you did, as you would be met outside by some of our men; still it is as well that you should have no chance to get out of your quarters. Good-night!"

George made no answer.

He looked at the dog, which was as large as a wolf, and was provided with long, sharp fangs.

The animal stood close to the wall, with its fierce eyes turned threateningly toward him.

The man closed and fastened the trap, and the boy heard him leave the room above. "What am I to do now?" he muttered.

Through the gloom he could see the eyes of the dog still glaring like two balls of fire.

He picked up the sharp stone, threw aside the straw, and had again commenced to scrape the ground, when, with a sharp growl, the dog sprang toward him.

George dropped the stone and confronted the animal.

The dog continued to growl, but did not attempt to bite, now that he had desisted from his work.

"Had I only a knife, I would soon rid myself of this ugly customer," thought the young captain.

But no knife was to be had.

George leaned against the wall, vainly trying to think of some way to kill the dog.

At length he remembered the bread which had been brought for him to eat.

He broke off a piece and threw it to the dog.

But Satan paid no attention to it whatever.

There he still sat, his blazing eyeballs never once turned from the prisoner.

Suddenly George remembered that, when the light of the lantern shone into the dungeon, he had noticed a chain hanging by a hook in one of the beams of the floor above him.

He felt about him for a match, but for some time he was unable to find any, although he knew that he had some in his vest-pocket when he left the schooner.

At last he found one, and lighting it, he looked round him.

Yes, there it was, the chain he had previously seen, on a hook in the middle beam above his head.

Satan growled.

He seemed to know that the prisoner meant mischief.

The chain was a long one—long enough for the purpose which the boy now had in view.

Before his match went out George had with one hand thrown a bight of the chain over the hook. His light now burned out. He had no more matches, and was now obliged to accomplish his purpose in the dark.

"Now, Satan, your days are numbered," he muttered.

With ready skill he made a noose at one end of the iron links.

The dog, not seeming to like this business, approached him with a growl.

George, with those flaming eyeballs for his guide, quickly threw the noose over Satan's head, and before the animal could prevent him, he pulled upon it with all his might.

The dog sprang toward him; as it did so, George hauled upon the slack of the chain over the hook, and the creature now hung suspended by the throat, the iron noose squeezing his neck so tightly that he could make no noise except a choking sort of growl, which would not last long.

George held on to the chain while the beast struggled, squirming and kicking, in a vain effort to free itself.

Gradually the struggles became more feeble, and finally the dog hung motionless.

It was dead.

CHAPTER V.

UNEXPECTED.

"THERE—that creature is disposed of, and now I suppose I can work in peace," muttered the young captain.

He took a hitch with the chain about the hook, which was a large, strong one, and then resumed his labor with the sharp stone.

He now found his task an easy one, for the ground was so soft and sandy that it readily yielded. Most of the time, however, the water was up to his elbows.

At last he had got under the foundation, when his further labors were put an end to by a most alarming circumstance.

There was a sudden, strange, rushing noise, and, to his dismay, the boy felt the water flowing in over his feet and ankles.

Evidently the dungeon was near enough to the sea for the water to come into the apartment and flood it.

In fact, it kept rising higher and higher, until finally the youth felt it up to his knees.

He climbed the ladder as high as he could, and waited in the faint hope that the water would soon begin to recede.

But, instead of that, it continued to rise. At last it was up to the waist of the prisoner. Half an hour later it had nearly reached his neck.

George, who had still hoped that it would soon recede, now concluded that to save his life it would be necessary to summon his captors to open the trap-door.

He was, in fact, about to pound upon it, when it was raised, and looking up, the prisoner beheld the dark face of Brunt at the opening.

This person held in one hand a long knife, and in the other a lantern.

Ere he could say a word, George, concluding at once why he had come and that he was alone, suddenly sprang through the opening, rushing past the other before he could recover from his surprise.

Intent on escaping from the place, and seeing a window at one side of the apartment, he sprang to it and endeavored to raise the sash.

But it was fastened down, and the blinds were evidently secured on the outside.

He then ran to the door.

It was locked.

"You cannot escape me now," said Brunt, depositing his lantern on the floor, and grasping the handle of his knife firmly.

The two stood for a moment glaring at each other.

George then looked about him in vain for some weapon with which he might defend himself.

"I have you now," said Brunt. "The other men are too far from here at present to catch your voice, even should you call for assistance."

"You perceive I am unarmed," said George. "Give me a knife, and at least let it be a fair combat between us."

"No, I do not wish to give you the chance of getting the better of me, as you did before. I hate you, and I am resolved that you shall die!"

With that he made a bound toward the other, his long, sharp knife upraised.

George, who had kept his gaze upon him, darted to one side, thus avoiding the deadly thrust aimed at him.

In a moment the lantern was in his hand, and as Brunt darted toward him he flung the instrument full in the face of his assailant.

Half-blinded and confused by the oil and the shattered glass, Brunt stood motionless for several moments.

The light had gone out, and both boys were now in darkness.

George was not slow to follow up his advantage. He dealt his adversary with his clinched fist a blow on the temple, which caused him to drop like a log to the floor.

While he lay there half-stunned, the other felt for the knife he had dropped and soon possessed himself of it.

He then ran to the window, and, breaking a pane of glass with the blade of the weapon, he attempted to pry open the shutters.

This, however, he was unable to do.

But the edge of the shutters, which were old and weak, gave way, and by passing his hand through the opening thus made, George succeeded in getting at the fastenings on the outside.

These were of rope, and he easily severed them with the knife.

Then, dashing open the slender window-frames, he made his way outside, dropping from the sill upon a flat rock.

He now paused and looked around him.

The rock on which he stood was at the base of rugged masses, which also encompassed the low-roofed building from which he had escaped.

This dwelling was more of a cabin than a house.

It was not ten feet high, was of square shape, and, as stated, surrounded by rocks. These rocks were steep, and evidently difficult to ascend.

Several broad ledges projected out from them, near the summit, overhanging the cabin, so that it was in reality in a sort of deep cave or hollow.

Through spaces between these ledges streamed the light of the moon, by which George was enabled to make his observations.

He hurried round the habitation, looking for some way of egress from this glen.

But he could find none.

Then he endeavored to ascend one of the steep rocks, but he was soon obliged to give up the attempt.

"Will I not escape, after all?" was the question he now asked himself.

He walked about, looking closely at the rocks.

At length he discovered what, in the dim light, had previously escaped his attention—a slight crack in the lower part of one of the rocks.

He thrust the point of his knife into it, and, as he had suspected was the case, a concealed door, artfully covered with thin slips of granite, partially opened.

He pulled it wide open and beheld a narrow passage in the rock leading to the other side of it.

George walked through this passage, to find the outer entrance blocked up with a hillock of sand.

He was about to attempt to make an opening through it with his hands, when he heard voices and footsteps on the other side of it.

Then came the sound made by a shovel, as the sand was being removed.

"Ay, ay," thought George, "this is the way these fellows conceal their retreat. The sand-hillock blocks up the entrance, so that no one not in the secret would suppose that it concealed this passage."

He withdrew into an alcove in the side of the rock, where he hoped that, in the dim light, he would not be perceived.

Five minutes later an opening had been made through the sand, and half a dozen of the coast-gang passed through it.

One remained to close up the opening, while the others moved on without discovering their late prisoner.

As soon as the passage was closed and all were gone, George emerged from his hiding-place, and with the shovel which had been left in a niche in the rocky wall he soon opened the barrier over the entrance.

Passing through it, he hastened to the seashore, which was only a few yards off.

The moon was still shining, and, anticipating pursuit, George glided swiftly along in the shadow of the rocks, hoping to find a skiff or boat which would enable him to reach his vessel.

He had not proceeded far when he heard hasty footsteps and voices behind him.

The gang had evidently discovered his escape, and were already searching for him.

He had now reached a sort of bay, and in a cove amongst the rocks at one extremity he beheld a small skiff.

He was only a few yards from it, and he quickened his pace in order to reach it ere his pursuers should come in sight of him.

As he sprang into the boat and unfastened the rope holding it to one of the rocks he caught sight of the gang in the distance.

They evidently saw him, for he could see them gesticulating angrily while they shouted to him.

He shoved the skiff outward, and picking up the oars with which it was provided, he pulled rapidly seaward, where the fog lay thick upon the water.

The mist soon concealed him from the gang, and he now breathed freely.

"Thank heaven, I am out of the clutches of those rascals at last!" he muttered.

He pulled in the direction of Cape Race, listening for the oars of his pursuers, which he expected every moment to hear.

But when some time had passed and nothing occurred to indicate that he was followed, he concluded that it was the lateness of the hour which had deterred the band from attempting his recapture.

Dawn could not be far off, and they were evidently afraid that their lawless proceedings would be discovered by some of the crews of the many craft near the island.

As yet, however, George was some distance from any of these vessels.

He had not yet rounded Cape Race, which he could see dimly looming up in the distance, through the mist.

At last he passed it, and he had already nearly reached one of the buoys to which his lines were made fast, when he heard a rushing sound, and became aware that the water was pouring into the skiff.

It was evidently an old, damaged boat, which was but seldom used, and perhaps it was because they thought it would soon be swamped and its occupant drowned that the gang had not attempted to pursue the boy further.

A piece of the rotten wood on the bottom, which had been loosely patched, had given way, and George now looked about him in vain for something with which he might stop the leak.

The skiff soon filled, and he was left struggling in the sea.

He was a good swimmer, but the current swept him rapidly along.

At length he found himself being carried past one of the buoys of his fishing-lines.

He made desperate efforts to reach this, and finally succeeded.

He clung to the buoy, and now hoping that he could make his voice reach the schooner, he shouted with all his might.

But there came no response. He heard only the wash of the waves and the rippling, rushing noise of the current as it swept past him.

He found it difficult to retain his hold of the buoy, which was of smooth, slippery wood. His arms ached with his protracted hold, and he believed that he would soon be obliged to drop from it.

Should he do so, he would be carried far away to sea, many miles from the fishing-vessels at anchor, and the chances were that he would perish ere he could be picked up.

In this dilemma he bethought him of the line attached to the buoy.

Could he not pull up enough of this line to lash himself to the stake?

He resolved, at all events, to make the attempt. He pulled up the slack of the line with one hand, and at last, with much difficulty, he contrived to secure himself loosely to the buoy.

This afforded him rest. He could now retain his position for hours.

Something had evidently got foul of the line.

It was a heavy piece of wood which he had pulled up to the surface when hauling on the rope, and which he could feel knocking against his side every time a wave rolled against him.

As the dawn gradually crept about him through the mist, he looked at the piece of wood.

It was the fragment of a spar, and it was the weight of iron bands around it which had caused it to sink.

George was about to loosen it from the turn of the rope around it, as it had caused him some inconvenience from striking against him, when his eye was caught by the word "*Falcon*" traced in black letters upon it!

A cry of surprise escaped him.

Here, then, in this unexpected manner, had he come upon a trace of the lost craft of Miss Palmer's father?

The name of that vessel was the *Falcon*, and, such being the case, this piece of wood had probably come from it.

But how?

Had the vessel sunk off Newfoundland, the circumstance must have been discovered ere now.

George could not conclude that the piece of wood had dropped from the craft while she lay at anchor off the island or while she was passing it.

He turned the fragment over, and noticed that there were other words traced upon it.

These, however, were so faint that, in the dim light, he was unable to read them.

Gradually the light became more clear, and he perceived that the sun's rays were breaking through the fog, and that they would soon dissipate it.

As yet he could not make out the lines traced upon the piece of timber.

They had been painted upon it with a small brush, dipped in common ink, and the action of the water had nearly obliterated them. Perhaps they could be defined if the fragment of wood were held motionless, but George could not keep it from moving in his present position, with the waves breaking around him.

As the mist cleared, the youth looked for his schooner.

At last he beheld, first the masts and then the hull of his beautiful craft.

The sight thrilled him with joy, and now he doubted not that he would be seen from her decks and be picked up.

He pulled a kerchief from his pocket and waved it about his head.

But all the boats, except the little dinghy hanging astern, were gone from the vessel.

The truth at once broke upon his mind.

On reaching the rock from which he had fired his gun on the night before, his men, discovering his absence, had gone in search of him.

These persons not returning to the schooner, the others left aboard had also lowered a boat and gone to look for them.

Mentally, George condemned the carelessness of his men in thus leaving the schooner so long unguarded.

Was she wholly deserted?

No; Bertha Palmer, at least, was left aboard.

He saw her light form appear upon the weather-rail.

She held on to the shrouds with one hand, and waved the other to him.

Then Old Tom's sister also appeared at the rail.

But there was evidently no man there.

Looking to windward, the young captain perceived that a squall was approaching.

What if the schooner should drag her anchor?

This might not have found good holding-ground, and, in that case, nothing could save the vessel from being driven on the rocks off the island!

George soon noticed that both the women were looking in the direction of the coming storm.

He could perceive that they were talking earnestly together, while now and then Bertha waved her hand to him.

At last the women left the rail.

Then, to his surprise, George perceived that the dinghy was being lowered.

A moment later the light vessel rounded the stern, with Bertha Palmer aft, sculling it toward the imperiled youth.

She plied the oar skillfully, and the boat approached rapidly.

George could not help admiring the graceful form as it lightly swayed to the movements of the oar, but he feared that the storm would overtake the young girl before she could reach him. It was sweeping swiftly along, and its hollow roar, as the rack and scud, with sheets of driving spray, came on, could be distinctly heard.

The young captain motioned to her to put back.

But she was a true fisherman's daughter, and heeded him not.

On she bravely came, working her oar with a skill which surprised him.

At last she reached him.

There was no time to lose, and he got quickly into the boat, pulling after him the piece of wood with the *Falcon's* name upon it.

This he rolled under the stern-sheets in such a way that Bertha could not see the name upon it.

He feared that the effect of the excitement, which it would cause at present, after her hard exertions, would be too much for her to bear.

"Thank God! you are safe!" cried the young woman, her eyes beaming with joy.

"But for you I would probably have perished," he answered. "You are a brave girl to run such a risk for me."

"You forget what you did for me. I ran no risk, and it was not hard work. My father taught me to handle an oar when I was very small. But how came you in this situation?"

"George pointed to the rack of the storm, which was now alarmingly near.

"I will tell you all after we get aboard. There is no time now. If that storm should overtake us in this little boat we would be swamped."

Both looked to windward at the black clouds and the driving spray.

"Yes, it is coming fast," she said, turning pale.

He seized the oars and pulled vigorously.

Scarcely was the dinghy alongside when the squall broke upon the schooner.

George made the boat fast, and assisted Bertha aboard.

Fortunately, the anchors held, and the storm was of brief duration.

George learned that all the men had left the schooner, as he had supposed.

When the squall passed to leeward, he looked for the boats, and at last discovered them quitting a point of the island.

He set the recall signal at his masthead, and as this was seen the boats headed for the schooner. They finally came alongside.

When the men reached the deck, George reprimanded them for leaving the vessel with only the women aboard.

"Don't find fault with us, my boy," said Old Tom. "Fifteen of us wasn't any too much, you'll allow, to make head against a large party of those coast-gang chaps, which we thought was at the bottom of your disappearance. We sarched the rock from which you fired your piece, and finding only your broken gun-barrel there, we concluded that the rascals had made away with you. We have been looking for 'em ever since, but I guess they've made tracks somewhere, for we couldn't find any sign of 'em."

"You did not look in the right place. They have a secret retreat there ashore," said George.

He then related his experience since he had parted from his shipmates.

They were all indignant, and angry threats were made against the coast-gang.

"There's no use of complaining to the authorities, I s'pose," said Old Tom. "They'll promise to hunt up the outlaws, but as they have secret hiding-places, darn me if I think they'll ever find 'em."

"No," said George. "The rascals work in fog and darkness. Fortunately, our lines have not been tampered with," he added. "We balked them in that, at all events."

"Ay, ay, my boy, and I recommend that we have a boat's crew every night, after this, on the watch with loaded guns."

"We will take that precaution," said George.

Then he ordered the dinghy to be hoisted up.

As soon as this was done, he took out the heavy fragment of timber which he had found.

At sight of the name "*Falcon*" upon it, Bertha clasped her hands and uttered a wild cry.

"Yes," said George; "here, at last, we have some trace of the lost schooner."

"Where on 'arth did you get it?" cried Old Tom.

The young captain explained.

"And but for this accident of my having had to cling to the buoy," he continued, "I do not think it would ever have been found, for the instant the tide turned, as it has now, it would have drifted clear of the line."

All gathered about the piece of wood, which the youth had placed on a chest aft.

"Let us see if we can make out the other letters upon it," said George.

Bertha stooped over it and vainly endeavored to trace the faint letters.

George, also, was unable to do so.

A letter here and there could be made out, but that was all.

"We will dry the wood and then the ink will show more plainly," said the young captain.

The fragment was taken into the galley and laid before the stove there, where it soon dried.

Again the letters were studied.

"I can make out *o*, *u* and *l* close together," said Bertha.

"Ay, and there is the *f*, which completes the word," cried George. "Look closely, and you can just barely make it out."

"I see it," said Bertha. "The word, then, is *foul*."

"Ay, that would seem to mean that the vessel ran afoul of some other," said Old Tom.

"No," said George, "it has a worse meaning, for, see! there are the letters *p*, *l* and *y* after it. We only want the *a*, which has been entirely obliterated, to read '*foul play!*'"

"Thunderation!" cried Old Tom. "So the man that wrote that on the wood meant to say that there had been foul play, and that that was the cause of the loss of the craft?"

"We do not know yet that the craft *is* lost," said George.

Bertha leaned against the rail, as pale as death.

"I am afraid it is so. If there has been foul play, my father's vessel is lost," she said.

"It would seem so," said George, "and yet something may have turned up in the crew's favor. They may not have been lost with the craft."

"In that case we would have seen some of them before now," said Bertha.

"At all events I shall search for further traces of the vessel," said George. "And now I would ask if you think any of your father's crew could have risen in mutiny against him?"

"I do not. The men were all too much attached to him for that."

"Then *others* must have endeavored to destroy them and their vessel."

"Ay, ay, now," cried Old Tom, "darn me if I don't think some of the coast-gang may be at the bottom of this affair."

"That idea has occurred to me," said George. "If so, we can learn nothing from them about it. We can never bring them to confess."

He then took the telltale fragment of wood into the cabin.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CASTAWAY.

AFTER breakfast the boats were manned and pulled to the sinkers at the extremities of the line.

These were tripped, and then the process of hauling in the lines was commenced.

Coil after coil was drawn into the boat, and the fish which had caught at the bait on the hooks were taken off.

Meanwhile, by means of a winch on board, the men left on deck took in the other extremities of the lines.

George discovered that he had made a tolerably good haul, three hundred large codfish having been taken.

Every man was now busy.

Old Tom was the fish-header and splitter.

With his knife he removed the bone, cutting it away within about twenty inches of the tail.

The fish having been bled, was thoroughly washed in the sea, after which it was salted and stowed in the hold.

This work occupied nearly the whole day, after which the decks were washed down. Late in the afternoon the lines were again laid.

At night George had an armed boat's crew to watch them.

There was no trouble with the coast-gang on this night nor during the rest of the time he remained on the ground, as the young captain continued his precaution of putting his armed boat's crew on the watch.

By the first of August the schooner had her full cargo on board.

George then got up his anchor and proceeded to Nova Scotia, where he left his fish with his friend Burrows.

"And now for the search for your father and his vessel," he said to Bertha.

"I am causing you much trouble," said the young girl.

"Not at all. I am determined to prosecute this search to the best of my ability, and God grant that we may be successful."

In due time the schooner, wafted by favorable winds, was passing that part of the coast of Newfoundland near Cape Race.

The cape was well to windward, and, under a good breeze, the schooner was heading well up to her course, when, all at once, a man forward sang out that there was an overturned boat ahead, with some person astraddle of it waving a signal.

George produced his telescope and pointed it toward the boat.

"It seems to be a seaman," he said. "We must pick him up."

The moment the vessel was near enough to the overturned boat, George lowered his dinghy and pulled alongside of it.

"Thank God!" cried the man clinging to it, "my life is saved!"

He spoke in a piteous voice.

George helped him into the dinghy.

He was apparently about thirty years of age, with a thick, red beard that hid nearly every part of his face.

In a few words he told his story.

He stated that he was one of the crew of an American brig bound from Liverpool to New York.

Two days before the present time he had got into a boat which was towing astern, to repair the sash of the cabin window.

There was a thick fog at the time, and the wind was blowing hard.

Suddenly the pin to which the wasp was fast gave way, and he was left drifting astern. He endeavored to make himself heard, but failed.

For a whole day and night he drifted on the ocean.

He was hungry—had no food—and not knowing how long a time would have to elapse ere he would be picked up, he had endeavored to kill with the knife he carried a small sword-fish which he saw swimming past the boat.

He leaned over and thrust the knife into the fish, which then made a dash for the boat and stove a hole in it with its sword.

The boat filled and turned over.

He had clung to it many hours ere he was picked up.

George took the broken boat in tow, and it was at length hoisted aboard the schooner.

"I will put you ashore at Newfoundland, if you wish," said the young captain to the rescued sailor.

"No, no; if you please, I would like to serve as one of your crew. I like the looks of this schooner, and would be glad to stay aboard."

George considered a moment, and then resolved to take the man, who looked strong and able, and who had the air of a thorough seaman.

His name, John Cable, was put upon the books.

He went forward, and some of the men gave him clothes.

Through their kindness he was soon furnished with an excellent stock of apparel, for which he was very thankful.

Being apparently half starved, he ate ravenously of the food with which he was also provided.

Meanwhile Bertha stood aft, looking intently at the broken boat which had been picked up.

So absorbed was she, in fact, in her survey of it, that she did not hear George when he came to her side.

"A good boat," he remarked. "I mean to have it repaired before I send it to the owners."

"Yes," said Bertha, "it is a fine boat. But do you know there is something about the shape of the bow which strangely reminds me of one of the two my father carried aboard his schooner?"

George smiled.

"Many boats look alike," he said.

"I know it," she answered.

Then she walked round and round the boat, studying it carefully.

"The more I look at it the more certain I am that this is the boat my father carried."

"You must be mistaken."

"The only difference is in the paint, but it might have been painted over. My father's was light-colored, and this is black. I believe it is the same one."

"Had your father's a sharp bow, raised a little like that one?"

"Yes."

"And the same curve forward?"

"Yes. But there is one thing which I think will prove beyond doubt that it is the one I believe it to be. Once my father, while cutting at a piece of rope in the boat with a knife, slipped, so that, as he fell, the blade of the knife was jammed into the gunwale forward. In trying to extricate the knife the point was broken off, and remained in the woodwork. If that piece of the blade is there yet it will prove that the boat was my father's!"

George got into the boat and carefully examined the gunwale.

At first he could discover no sign of the piece of steel in it. Suddenly, however, his eye was caught by an abrasion in the wood which had been filled up with putty ere it was repainted.

With the point of a penknife he scraped away the putty, and there, sure enough, imbedded in the soft wood, was the edge of a piece of metal.

The youth procured a chisel and a hammer and extracted this metal, which was then shown to be the broken point of a knife.

"I knew I could not be mistaken," cried Bertha, pale with excitement. "That boat is now proved to have been my father's. What can this mean?"

She looked at George wistfully, her hands clasped tightly together, her eyes gleaming wildly.

"Call the seaman, Cable, and tell him to come aft here at once!" shouted George.

The man was called, and he promptly walked aft.

"Where did you tell me this boat came from?" said George.

"From the brig *Plover*, sir."

"No," cried George, sternly. "It is from the schooner *Falcon*."

The man looked up, apparently much surprised.

"Upon my word, sir, it is from the brig I speak of. It was picked up at sea, off the Irish coast, on the voyage to Liverpool, where the brig was driven by head-winds."

"Oh, so it is a picked-up boat?"

"Yes, sir. It was painted over after that. It was light-colored when we fished it out of the water."

"This, then, would seem to prove," cried Bertha, "that the *Falcon* was lost somewhere off the coast of Ireland."

"Have you ever seen that boat before, miss?" inquired Cable, with evident surprise.

"Yes, it is my father's boat. He belonged to the missing schooner, *Falcon*. Was anything else picked up at the time you found the boat?"

"No, miss, I'm sure there wasn't."

"You can go forward, Cable," said George.

The man bowed respectfully, and went forward.

"This," said the young captain to Bertha, "makes the second clue we have come upon. It looks as if we were going to be successful in our search, after all."

"Yes," she answered, and as she spoke tears rose to her eyes.

"I beg you not to be discouraged," said George, soothingly. "We may find your father alive and well next."

She sadly shook her head.

"The clues found thus far," she said, "only go to prove that the vessel must have been lost with all on board."

This George could not deny.

"We will hope for the best; that is all we can do," he said. "Of one thing you may be certain—I will leave no means untried to clear up the mystery."

"I know it. I have confidence in you," she said, gratefully.

A week passed, during which the schooner made good progress on her course.

George had headed her for the coast of Ireland, off which he intended to cruise for the lost schooner.

He and Old Tom had talked the matter over, and had concluded that this was the proper place to prosecute the search.

"Have a good lookout kept," said George to his first officer, who had the watch on deck, one dark, foggy night, when the vessel was within about four days' sail of the coast.

The wind was blowing almost a gale, and the sea was rough.

George concluded that, before retiring for the night, he would go into the hold to make sure that the stowage of the ballast there was all right.

Passing through a small door in the bulkhead, which he usually kept locked, he entered the hold.

Taking a lantern from a hook upon which it was hanging, he was about to light it, when he fancied he heard a slight noise in the hold.

He peered through the gloom, and was sure he beheld the dim, shadowy outline of a human figure.

Who was this person, and what was he doing in the hold at that hour?

George moved along swiftly and stealthily, determined to solve the mystery.

The figure had now vanished, but the young captain had not far to go to ascertain the cause.

He had opened the hatch of the lower hold and entered it.

As George approached the hatchway the man was replacing the hatch over the opening.

George kneeled and listened.

He heard the person in the lower hold groping about, and finally he beheld a light gleaming through the cracks on the edges of the hatch.

"Ay, ay, there's mischief brewing down there," thought the boy.

Softly he raised the hatch.

The man beneath him had now stooped, and was thrusting aside some of the barrels between him and the bottom of the schooner.

George dropped down upon some rigging and watched the sailor carefully.

At length he raised his head, with the perspiration standing out in big drops on his forehead, and looked around him.

Unconscious that he was watched—for the captain was well concealed by some of the coils of rigging—he rested a lighted lantern which he held on a barrel and muttered to himself.

The thick red beard and hair, half concealing the face and even the eyes, showed George that this person was none other than John Cable, the seaman whom he had picked up off the coast of Newfoundland.

Having looked round him a few moments, Cable finally pulled from under his jacket an auger.

"Now, then," he muttered, loud enough this time for the young captain to hear—"now is the time."

As he spoke he jumped down between the barrels, which he had cleared away.

George now was at no loss to comprehend his intention.

This could not for a moment be doubted.

He was going to scuttle the schooner!

The youth regretted that he had not with him his revolver, with which he could at once have brought the man to terms, and have obliged him to confess his reason for wishing to destroy a vessel aboard of which he had been treated so well.

Having no weapon with him, he would now probably have to struggle with the fellow to prevent his accomplishing his purpose, for too much time would be lost in returning for the pistol.

Cable had already applied his auger to the bottom of the vessel, and he was about to commence boring the fatal hole, when George sprang down upon him with the quickness of a flash, and hurling him back against one of the barrels, caught him by the throat with both hands. Taken completely by surprise, the man remained motionless, glaring at him, but so tight was the hold upon his throat that he could not utter a word.

"Speak, you rascal!" said George, slightly loosening his grasp. "Why do you try to destroy a vessel aboard of which you have been well-treated?"

The man made no reply, but he suddenly dealt the speaker, with one of his heavy boots, a kick in the breast, which knocked the youth backward away from him.

Then he raised his auger, ere the boy could recover himself, and made a thrust at his throat with the point. George caught the instrument and wrenched it from his grasp.

The two then closed in a hand-to-hand struggle. The young captain, who, as stated, was quick and powerful, threw his adversary, and placing both knees on his breast, held him down in spite of his efforts to release himself.

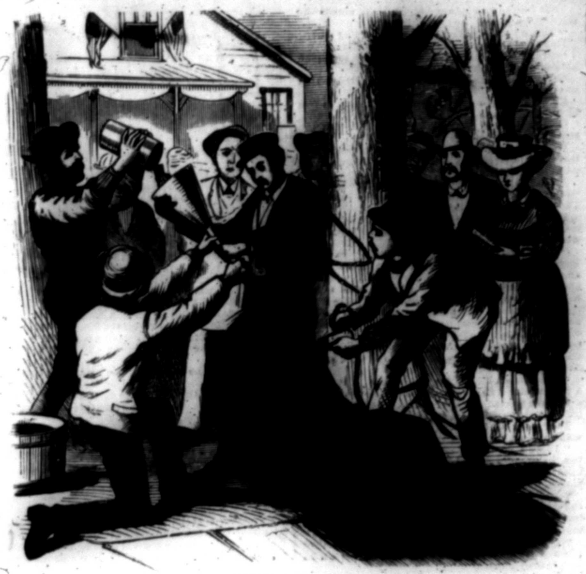
At the same moment he uttered a cry of surprise. The red hair and beard of the man were proved to be false. Both had fallen off during his struggles, revealing the unmistakable features of the young Englishman, Will Brunt.

[To be continued.]

"The Young Hero of Cape Ann" was commenced in 613.

FEEDING A SEA-LION.

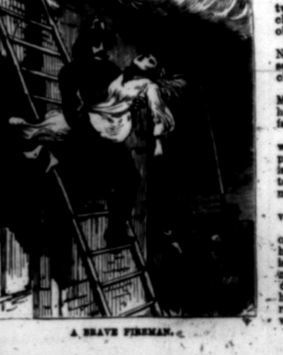
"FOR 'two bits' one can see many curiosities," says a recent visitor to an aquarium. "What interested me most was to see a sea-lion fed; he was the smallest of all, and the others had driven him away until he had become so weak as to be unable to eat at all. Five men lashed him to trees and forced open his mouth, then a pipe was inserted and about two quarts of saw-fish and potatoes chopped very fine were forced down the pipe. His dessert was composed of ten trout. He did not appear to enjoy his meal, but continually snapped at the men who were holding him.



FEEDING A SEA-LION.

A BRAVE FIREMAN.

THE dwelling-house of Mr. Charles Cummings, Concord, N. H., took fire recently, and the family barely escaped with their lives. Upon the second floor of the house lodged Miss Julia Clisbie, a seamstress, and in the hurry and excitement of the occasion she was overlooked by those who gave the alarm. While the fire was gaining rapidly upon the front part of the house, she appeared suddenly at the window, after all other means of escape were cut off, and blinding smoke was filling the whole house. Assistant Engineer Daniel B. Newhall, however, was equal to the emergency, and, assisted by several brave comrades, who raised a ladder for him, ascended to the window in the face of the smoke and flame, and, seizing the terror-stricken girl about the waist, bore her down the ladder in safety to the ground amid the hearty cheers of the immense crowd. Such deeds should go upon record.

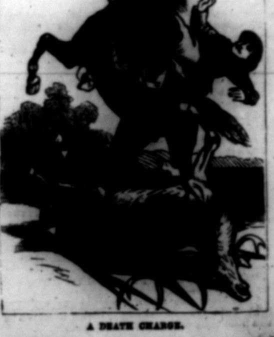


A BRAVE FIREMAN.

A DEATH CHARGE.

NEAR Natchez, Miss., a singular accident happened to a gentleman a short time since. He was sitting on his horse in a swamp road not far from the city, looking for a deer which he heard approaching through the undergrowth and bushes. To his surprise, the deer sprang out at a point very near him, and ran full head on his horse, striking him full in the breast. The deer, apparently stunned by the concussion, fell on the spot and turned on his back, with his feet in the air.

Our friend's horse sprang aside when so rudely attacked, and threw his rider, who, as soon as he could recover himself, ran to the deer, which was still on its back, when, to his surprise, he found it dead. After-inquiry showed that the deer had been fatally shot by a party out driving, but had retained vitality sufficient to carry it to the spot where it encountered the horse.



A DEATH CHARGE.

A DOUGHTY HERO OF THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME.

MEN who had not seen a ball-match for years could not resist the temptation to once more look upon the old rivals, and shout and scream and cheer on their favorites till they were almost too hoarse to speak. It was the first game of the season. In consequence of the severe injuries already received by Hicks it was thought by many that he could not play at all, or if he attempted to play he would make a bungle of it, and thus lose the game for the boys. But in this they were greatly mistaken; for, so far from losing the game, he actually won it, by the most brilliant play that has been shown for years, and, probably, under the circumstances, the finest play ever shown.

He went into the game with his right eye almost knocked out of his head, and his nose and the whole right side of his face swollen to three times their natural size; and yet, notwithstanding this, nothing seemed too difficult for him to take. Player after player sank before his unfaltering nerve, and, although struck four times during the game—once squarely on the mouth with the ball, once on the chest, and twice with the bat—he could not be driven away from his post. Indeed, taken all in all, no man ever exhibited more nerve and pluck, combined with cool judgment, than did this man, and he certainly deserved all the applause and commendation he received.

The Chums at Harvard College.

(A SEQUEL TO ORVILLE AND DAN.)

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK.

Author of "KEEP YOUR BOUNDS," "INVENTIVE BEN," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE POLO MATCH.

ON the morning of the day appointed for the polo contest between the "Dai Nippon Club," of Harvard, and the "Invincibles," of New York, Bangs and Morrice sauntered into the grounds and made their way toward a temporary stable, containing a number of ponies belonging to the collegians.

As they neared the building, a man joined them, and, after glancing about him, in order to make sure he was not noticed by any one connected with the animals, said, in a grumbling tone:

"Thought you told me you were Harvard men?"

"What's up now, Cracker?" demanded little Bangs. "You accepted our money and promised to do what we wanted. Do you call it manly to back down?"

"You said you were Harvard men," once more growled the groom. "You told me you wanted a person to attend to some animals, and would pay well for it. You made me half stupid with liquor, and I agreed, but had no idea that you meant that I was to drug the ponies in my charge!"

"See here," remarked Morrice, removing a huge cheroot from between his enormous lips and scowling as he spoke, "you've agreed to carry out our plan, and have got to do it, or it will be bad for you! We've depended on your assistance, and what does it matter whether you dose the New York or Harvard animals? You're a nice one to stick at trifles—you are! If you did not mean to act squarely by us, why did you take our money?"

"I've got a sick little boy," muttered the man. "The doctor told me if I sent my child to the seaside he would recover. I didn't think you wanted me to go against my employers. The boys have always treated me well! I won't do what you ask!"

"I'd advise you to!" significantly observed Bangs. "We are not the men to be trifled with! You knew what you were about when you accepted that hundred dollars from us, and have got to carry out your part of the bargain! All you are asked to do is to drop a handful of dried leaves into each stall and see that the ponies eat them. It will not act like drugs, but will merely make them lively and prevent their riders from controlling the creatures. If you keep your word we'll give you two hundred dollars more, instead of what we have promised."

The groom was not utterly depraved, and, had it not been for his sick child, would never have agreed to aid the rascals, who had entrapped the man by giving him drink. Of course he was wrong in yielding, but the greater crime was theirs.

He wavered for a long time, and wanted to return the package of "stuff" and pay them back their bribe in installments; however, he finally succumbed to the temptation of a second hundred dollars paid down, and the promise of twice as much more when the match was over.

About four o'clock that afternoon visitors began to arrive on the grounds, and soon the pavilion was crowded with pretty girls from all parts of the country, who were anxious to witness the new game.

At the back of the stand was a magnificent clump of elms, the lower branches of which were laden with spectators; to the right of the field, close to the fence, was the stable of the Harvard ponies, and to the left the shed containing the Invincibles' steeds, above which floated the dark-blue flag of the club.

In the centre of the ground, exactly between the two goals, and opposite the ladies' pavilion, was a chalk star, on which rested a small, hard ball, the object of the coming struggle.

"Our club are to wear magenta and white," said Nellie Fillamore to Don Mortimer's fianceé, who was seated next to her in the first row of the pavilion chairs. "Oh, I do so hope they will win!"

"Yes," answered her friend, "so do I. Don says Mr. Benkei has quite recovered his old spirits since he began to play polo. It was very romantic, his falling in love with Miss Lamont, was it not?"

"Well," smilingly answered Nellie, "I think it was most absurd. The Japanese are a poetic people, and admire the beautiful in all things; still, it is better for them to marry their own kind, and not to entail misery upon themselves and others by making alliances with foreigners."

"You are right," was the response. "Still, it is very sad to see poor Mr. Benkei suffer so."

"My dear Susie," laughingly returned Nellie, "no one likes Yuzo more than we do. He has proved himself a true friend and brother to our boys, and is a thorough gentleman in every respect, but the manners and customs of his people are still very different from our own, and it would be absurd for him to marry an American lady. As to his looking romantic, if he likes it, let him do so. I think it's very foolish."

While she was speaking the Dai Nippons, costumed in magenta knee-pants, white polo-shirts, embroidered with the club monogram, white and magenta caps, and white leggins and shoes, emerged from their stable and rode on to the ground.

"Oh!" cried Sophie to Rose, "Mr. Benkei has a Japanese saddle. Is it not gorgeous?"

"Yes," answered the other. "How restive their ponies are!"

The band was playing, and the animals seemed excited by the music.

"There's Don and your sons," remarked Mrs. Mortimer to Mrs. Fillamore. "I wish the band would cease playing. I do not like the looks of those mustangs."

"'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!" cheered the crowd, as, forming in threes, the Dai Nippons galloped round the field, carrying their mallets at "rest" like spears. "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!"

In a few moments the Invincibles cantered out to meet their opponents, when the crowd, led by Morrice and Bangs, saluted them with deafening hurrahs; then came loud cries of:

"Five to one on New York!"

The costume of the latter club was blue and white, which contrasted well with the Harvard colors.

After parading once round the field the captains tossed for choice of goal, and the New Yorkers won, thus giving them a slight advantage with regard to the sunlight.

It did not take long to pitch the flags forming the goals, and when it was accomplished three of each side rode up and halted in front of their colors.

The Harvard men were Orville, Dan and Benkei.

The New Yorkers were the three crack players of their club.

"Confound these ponies! What ails them?" exclaimed Ben, as he, like his chums, endeavored to rein his unruly mustang.

While they were thus employed they heard Morrice and Bangs shouting:

"Ten to one against Harvard!"

This annoyed them, as they hated to have people gambling over their game.

"We must disappoint those men," said Dan, as he forced his steed almost upon its haunches. "Whoa, girl; steady!"

"Look out for Don!" cried Orville.

As he spoke Mortimer lowered the flag, the signal to begin, and simultaneously the six horsemen started at a tearing pace, charging down like lancers to the chalk-star, and urging their animals by shouts and cries.

Ben rode like a centaur, and was the first to strike the ball, with a direct shot, but in following it up his horse swerved, so that he missed.

In an instant the New Yorkers cut in and drove the ball back toward their own goal, then ensued a tremendous struggle, during which the ball was driven hither and thither, mallets were broken, and one man unhorsed, when, with a sledge-hammer shot, that brought forth a roar of cheers from the spectators, Ben sent the sphere clean between the flags, and won the first goal for Harvard.

After a brief interval they began the second game, the chums remaining in while the Invincibles sent out three fresh men.

Instead of the ponies of the Dai Nippon Club becoming more quiet they grew worse and worse, and spoilt some magnificent play on the part of their riders, spite of which the latter contested every stroke of their opponents.

Dan, who rode his own animal, could not restrain it, as the struggle grew hot near the Invincibles' goal, and, to the delight of those who had backed the latter, missed a rattling good shot, which lost his side that game.

When the players met for the third time, Don Mortimer, Skerry and Johnnie Brackett represented Harvard against the second three of the New York club.

It had been agreed to play five games, as both sides were anxious to decide which was the best team in that number of encounters.

Don, who was mounted upon a pony he had trained for the work, had the greatest difficulty in keeping his seat, and, if anything, the horses of his party were worse than those of his chums; which, on being unsaddled, had broken from the inclosure and dashed back among the players, kicking, biting and behaving in a most frantic manner, and causing the Harvards to lose the third game.

Luckily for the collegians, Benkei had ordered a livery-stable keeper to send three spare animals, which arrived on the ground just as the Invincibles made the third goal.

"Saddle those!" he said, addressing the man who had betrayed his trust and administered the intoxicating leaves to the other steeds; "I believe some one has been tampering with our ponies."

The fellow's features became of a crimson hue, and he dared not look at his employers.

Morrice and Bangs were standing near, and when they heard what Ben said, felt almost as uncomfortable as their wretched tool.

"Come along, Josephus," murmured Radway. "We must stop them somehow! Give me a cracker or two!"

They moved off toward the Dai Nippon goal, and, by dint of pushing and crowding, got in the first line of spectators.

"Here they come!" shouted the people, as the chums rode up and ranged their animals in a line. "'Rah!"

At the signal, both sides started at a clinking pace, and made a fine charge for possession of the ball.

Benkei was in his element, shouting alternately in Japanese and English, and riding like part of his horse, which was a rattler for speed.

With a tremendous effort he delivered a telling stroke and hit off the ball straight for the Harvard goal, following it at a gallop. Orville saw this, and urging his pony, helter-skelter, for the object, dealt it a rouser, and put the sphere through the flags.

Then ensued a scene of intense excitement, as the bulletin board answered:

Dai Nippon, 2 | Invincibles, 2

"Ten to one against Harvard!" cried little Bangs.

"Hang those betting fellows!" exclaimed Dan. "I can't see why they are admitted upon the ground."

"They shall never again be allowed on one where we play," said Benkei. "I saw Morrice and Bangs among them, and believe they have got at our ponies."

"Come, there's the signal to assemble," remarked Orville. "I'll hit off this time, chums, and you ride ahead and drive up the ball."

In another moment they were in line, the flag was lowered, and the opponents racing toward the chalk star, their ponies' tails and manes streaming out like banners.

Orv made right for it, while Dan and Ben described two short circles, so as to be ready when it flew by them.

As Orville reached the spot, he countered against the leading Invincible, then, leaning over, dealt the ball a back-hander, and sent it toward Dan, who, with a clever side-cut, propelled it toward their goal, and followed it up at a rattling pace, with Ben at his side and the field after him at full speed, the ponies snorting and whinnying, and their riders yelling like Indians.

It was a thrilling moment, and no one watched them more keenly than Morrice and Bangs.

The latter stood as near to the Harvard's goal as the ropes permitted, and the former was behind him.

Dan, who was as cool as he well could be, leaned over, raised his mallet, and was about to deliver a blow that would have ended the game, when Bangs, with a quick motion, threw a detonating ball, which hit Dan's animal between the eyes, caused it to buck, throw its rider heavily and roll over him, striking the poor fellow a blow, and covering his features with blood.

Benkei saw the cowardly act, and, as he rounded his steed, made a desperate swinging lunge at the ball and struck it, like a cannon shot, between the flags, then dexterously brought his mallet back to position, glanced at the mangled face of his chum, and with flashing eyes rode right at the scoundrels who had perpetrated the shameful deed.

Bangs uttered a cry of terror and endeavored to escape, but the Japanese was too quick for him.

Two blows, dealt in rapid succession, a yell of approbation on the part of the indignant crowd, and Radway Morrice and his accomplice were "laid out" beyond chance of flight, and remained insensible for some moments.

While one half the field was cheering for the Harvard victory, the other was applauding Benkei, who, leaping from his pony, kept the gamblers' friends at bay, crying:

"Stand back, or I'll serve you as I have these curs!"

He thought only of his chum and, just then, was a dangerous being.

Luckily, the police soon came to his assistance, for the enraged sportsmen were armed, and, in their anger, might have shot him down.

As it was, they openly threatened to take his life, yet, beyond securing Morrice and Bangs, the officers did not make any arrests, and they let those rascals go when they came to inquire into the charge against them.

It seemed there was no law to meet their case; throwing detonating balls not being an illegal act.

"You gave them all they deserved, sir," remarked the captain of police, as he chatted over the matter with Benkei. "The tall one's arm is broken, and the dwarf will have to go to a hospital. I'm glad you did it, as we could not have punished them."

Ben hurried off to the dressing tent, where he found Orville supporting Dan's head, and a surgeon dressing the sufferer's wounds.

"You tend Dan, while I go and tell our folks," whispered Orv. "The doctor says he's badly, but not dangerously, hurt."

The brothers always thought of their parents and sisters before themselves. Benkei took his chum's place, and Orv rushed off to the ladies' pavilion.

Luckily the Fillamores did not know their son was injured, and learned the news, gradually, from Orville.

"I must go to Dan," said Rose. "I *must* go to him."

"But he is in our dressing tent," urged Orv.

"Never mind," she excitedly replied. "Tell the gentlemen I must see him. They will retire."

When he delivered this message the members of the club at once adjourned to the stable, where they finished their toilets, and as soon as the tent was put in order, the ladies were admitted.

Poor Rose! On beholding Dan she nearly fainted.

"He is coming to," soothingly observed the doctor. "Do not be alarmed, young lady; he will be all right in a few days. The pony's hoof missed the vital spot. The wound is trifling, and, if your brother is kept quiet he will soon recover from the effects of the contusion."

After a few moments Dan opened his eyes and spoke, his first words being:

"Have we whipped the Invincibles?"

"Yes," proudly answered his sister. "Here are their goal-flags."

"How did I get hurt?" he asked.

Orville explained, and as he ended patted Benkei on the shoulder, saying:

"He administered a just retribution to the wretches."

"Thank you, Mr. Benkei," gratefully observed Rose. "Ah, if I were only a man I would do something to them."

"I think our good friend has done all that is necessary," quietly remarked their mother.

A carriage was procured, and Dan removed to their friend's residence in Boston, and three days afterward he was sufficiently convalescent to be conveyed to Ivy Hall, where they spent the long vacation.

He soon recovered completely, but his face bore a scar he would carry to the grave.

One day, as the chums were sailing in Mortimer's yacht off the romantic eastern shore, Orville inquired in Japanese whether Ben had replied to his sister's letter.

"Yes," he nodded, "I wrote Ten-jin by the next mail, begging she would in future communicate with me in our native language. I said she ought to feel shame-faced to think our cousin, Tofu, had mastered English, while she had murdered it."

"That was rather hard on Ten-jin," smilingly remarked Dan. "Say, chum, have you answered that lively epistle of Miss Tofu's?"

"Yes," blushingly answered the Japanese. "I informed her that you were scholars, not silly fellows who devoted their time to sighing and thinking of her, and advised the young lady to study the *Onna Dai Yakee* (Woman's Great Learning), and the *Onna To-bun-sho!* (Lady's Complete Letter-writer). She is a nice girl, but has become too much Americanized. Of course you know she is not my real cousin?"

"I did not," said Orv.

"Nor I," remarked Dan. "Your aunt always treated her like a daughter."

"Yes," nodded Benkei. "This is how it came about: Tofu's father was a Daimio, who rebelled against the late Shogun; the latter caused him to be assassinated, and ordered Tofu's mother and the children to be decapitated. Uncle Benkei Hirano heard of this, and sent my aunt with their little daughter, who had died, to Tofu's mother, saying 'Give us your living babe and take this. We will save your child!'"

"How very romantic!" ejaculated Johnnie Brackett, poking his head up the hatchway. "Go on, Ben."

"We thought you were asleep," said Ben. "Could you understand what we were saying?"

"Oh, yes," answered the wag, in Japanese. "Your lessons have not been thrown away upon me. I can make out everything when you do not talk too fast."

"Well, my cousin Tofu, as I call her, is noble by birth," continued Ben. "You must keep this a secret, for she does not know about it!"

"Cor-rect!" cried Brackett, winking at Dan. "I'm glad Miss Tofu is a princess! That will tickle my folks to death!"

No one took any notice of what he said, and the matter was never again referred to.

The next two weeks were to Orville and Dan "golden ones," being spent in the society of their parents and friends. The young men knew that their last term at Harvard would be devoted to study, and made the most of their holiday.

Mortimer, who was devoted to his profession, occasionally ran down from Boston to see them. He was always hard at work, and, like Johnnie, was studying Japanese.

One Saturday he came by bicycle and gleefully announced he had received his first pay from Tokio.

"Ando writes me that the *Ke-ya-ki* (Mulberry-tree) is flourishing," he said, "and remits five hundred dollars for my letters, and I have got a communication from the New York *Herald* asking if I would, later on, visit Japan for them!" adding:

"Here's a package of letters I found in your boxes at Matthew's."

Orville opened the paper and saw one epistle deeply edged with black.

It bore the Yokohama post-mark, and was addressed to Benkei, in the handwriting of his sister, Sin.

"I am afraid that contains bad news," said Dan. "Either the death of his father or mother! Poor Yuzo, I am so sorry for him!"

As he spoke, Ben entered and overheard his words.

He took the letter in his hand and glanced anxiously at its sable border, then sobbed and murmured:

"Chums, leave me while I peruse this!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SORROW CHANGED TO GLADNESS.

WHEN Orville, Dan and Don had retired, Benkei placed the black-edged missive upon the table, and, regarding it with a troubled air, sobbed, as though speaking to himself:

"It is reserved for you, oh, Benkei Yuzo, to be one of the unhappy! Be a man, oh, son of your parents! Death strikes all alike, and others have to weep as well as you!"

He knew that foreigners used the badge of mourning that he beheld on the envelope, so accepted it as an indication of its contents.

After, by a great effort of will, choking his emotion, he once more took the letter in his hand, then solemnly pressed it to his forehead, repeating the act twice, and that done, he, with trembling hands, unfolded the communication and began to read.

For a moment or two he could scarcely believe his eyesight, but, as he read on, soon his mournful anticipations gave way to mirth, and, ere he had half perused the epistle he ran to the door, and, opening it, shouted:

"'Rah, boys! Nobody's dead! This is from my sister, Sin, announcing good news!"

Back came the brothers, accompanied by Mortimer and Johnnie Brackett, all of them being delighted with what he said.

"This is like that little *Karasu* (crow—a Japanese pet term for a woman). *Ahaie*—she is a droll creature. Read it out, Dan."

His chum did as he was requested, and read:

"Miss Beckett's Establishment for the Education of Young Ladies,
"Tokio, Japan, June 12th, 18—.

"DEAR BROTHER—When Ten-jin and Cousin Tofu sent their letters in the case of goods, I was away at Lake Buva. I wonder if you can read sister's English? She is the worst scholar in this school, and ought not to correspond in any other language but her native one. Father and mother are well, and their only anxiety is on your account. You would not know us now, Yuzo. We wear English dresses, and live in the same style as you do—*i. e.*, we girls do here, though at home on the farm things are all as they were, with regard to costume and diet. Why I write by mail is this: We girls want to visit America, and be present when you graduate, but father and mother shake their heads and say, 'We have not been invited.' You see, they do not understand modern ideas, that if one has money to pay at a hotel, no invitation is required. I tell them we did not invite the English and Americans to come here, spite of which, thank the gods, they came and opened our eyes to many things. Now, Yuzo, you must ask one of your friends to send us an invitation, then our parents will accept it, and we will all visit you about the beginning of next June. I shall graduate next January. Remember us kindly to your good brothers, Orville and Dan, whom we ever think of as relatives, and make our respectful salutation to Mr. and Mrs. Fillamore. Excuse all mistakes in composition, and believe me to be ever Affectionately thy sister,
"VICTORIA SIN BENKEI.

"P. S.—How do you like the envelope and paper? I bought them yesterday in the Temple of Kuanon, at Asakusa."

"And thought they were elegant!" merrily added Benkei. "Chums, I forgot that our national color for mourning is white. Well, that black edge scared me," adding, significantly, "I am so Americanized that I wonder I can remember my native tongue."

The brothers recollected his invoking Buddha, and smiled at each other, but refrained from saying anything.

Ben was proud of his American ways, little thinking that, do all he might, he still plainly showed the Japanese below his foreign feathers.

"Sin little imagined what a scare she would give me," he remarked, as he received back the letter. "She is an excellent girl, and twice as smart as Ten-jin."

"Why do you call her Sin?" asked Johnnie. "Is she homely?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" cried Orville, replying for his chum. "*Sin*, in Japanese, signifies 'a charm' or 'beautiful.'"

"You don't tell me!" murmured the wag, imitating the reply of a schoolboy. "Wal, I haven't had that word yet. We say, 'as ugly as sin.'"

"Yuzo, old friend," remarked Don Mortimer, "we should be delighted to entertain your parents and sisters, and my father and mother will send them formal invitations."

"Pardon me, Don, old boy," interposed Orville. "My folks have a prior claim in this matter, and after the kindness we received in Japan from chum's family, must be the ones to send the invitation."

"You are right, Orv," answered Mortimer. "You shall do the honors of class-day, and at commencement they shall be our guests."

Mr. and Mrs. Fillamore were delighted to hear that the Benkeis thought of visiting the States, and sent them pressing invitations to come and make their house a home.

A few days after the letter was dispatched the chums returned to college and began their final studies.

Orville and Dan spent most of their term in Boylston Hall, where they learned everything pertaining to chemistry, and its kindred sciences, in addition to which they went in for honors, and it was confidently predicted that one of them would be the orator on class-day.

Benkei, who studied harder than either of them, passed the greater portion of his days at the Massachusetts Medical College, which, though situated in Boston, belongs to Harvard University, where he rapidly acquired a thorough knowledge of surgery and medical practice.

He said that he felt like a bee admitted, for a limited period, to a garden of honey-laden flowers—he had not time to gather a thousandth part of what was offered—notwithstanding which, he ranked high in his class, and was a great favorite with the professors and surgeons.

"Just imagine," he one day remarked: "four years ago I believed in the two elements, *Yo* and *In*, and when I was sick, was burnt with a *moza*, dosed with nauseous herbs, pounded and steamed. Now, I know the human body as a geographer does the surface of the earth, and shall soon be qualified to practice as an American M.D."

When the chums went home for Thanksgiving, Orville and Dan announced their intention of revisiting Japan.

"We only saw the worst portion of the country," said Orv. "We wish to ascend the beautiful mountain, Fuji-yama, and to learn the way the Japanese make their artistic bronzes, their porcelain, and the thousand and one quaint and useful articles they send to us."

"But what good, in a commercial sense, will that be to you?" observed their mother. "Surely you do not intend to become professional travelers? You would never think of settling in Japan?"

"Have no fear, mother," smilingly remarked Dan. "Orv and I mean to keep our eyes very wide open. We mean to travel through the country, and to unravel some things which are now puzzles to us foreigners. We do not expect to learn any art that we can practice here, as the cheapness of Japanese labor defies all competition; but it is more than probable we may form some business arrangements, with a view to open trade hereafter."

"Yes, mother, we mean business all the time," said Orv. "You neither need fear we shall settle in Japan nor lead idle lives. The trip will benefit us, and we hope that you will not object to our making it."

The good woman finally added her consent to that of her husband, and it was arranged their sons should start for the East after Nellie was married.

Sophie and Skerry had decided to delay their union until the next year, and Sker remained at Cambridge, in order to continue his law studies at Dane Hall.

The Winter months passed rapidly, and the snow once more melted on, or, rather, into the college green, and boating and polo again attracted their votaries, but the chums did not take any active part in either sport.

The trio practiced daily on their bicycles, they having agreed to take them to Japan.

"That's a good idea," said Mortimer, one afternoon, as they spun down to Ivy Hall. "I have received a definite offer from the New York *Herald*, and will accompany you. We can do away with being carried by human beings, and will travel like American citizens."

"See here, boys!" cried Johnnie, who was behind them; "I'm going to be one of the crowd. My folks will remain abroad for a year more, and I want to join you."

"You'll be a confounded nuisance, Johnnie," said Dan. "You're never serious."

"You git out," retorted the wag. "I'm in earnest this time. You'll want some one to liven you up, and I am the boy. I've got a particular reason why I wish to visit Japan."

"Shall we take him?" shouted Dan to Orv, who was ahead.

"Yes," he answered.

"Yes," said Don.

"Yes, twice over," cried Benkei. "I'll show him the wax-works in the temple of Kuanon, at Asakusa, and take a generous revenge for his joke."

"Guess I'll vote 'Yes,' too," merrily observed Dan, nodding at their friend. "The motion is carried, *nemine dissentiente!* (Without a dissenting voice.) You are duly elected one of us, Brack."

"Gentlemen," began Johnnie, "I rise to thank you."

As he said this he inadvertently checked his bicycle, and shot, heels over head, into a ditch, where, sitting amid the mud and water, he concluded his speech, as follows:

"Having performed the respectful ceremony, I resume my seat."

Nothing put him out, not even a tumble into a puddle, and the chums felt he would be a great acquisition to their party.

They lugged Brackett from the ditch, and after Benkei had gravely examined him and pronounced his injuries superficial, he gave the word "Mount and away."

Senior year was one of the hardest for the chums, and they were glad when the time for graduating drew near.

Skerry had secured them his old rooms in Hollis, and although the trio did not meet much during working hours, they spent their evenings together, and were like brothers in all things.

A fortnight before class-day the ship containing the Benkeis arrived at San Francisco, and on the seventeenth of June Ben's father telegraphed him:

"Meet us at the Fall River depot, Boston, to-morrow morning. BENKIE YUZOYAMA."

As the early train was being run into the depot, Ben pointed to one of the palace-cars and exclaimed:

"Chums—Don, Johnnie! there is my mother!"

In another second he was on board the vehicle.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CLASS DAY.

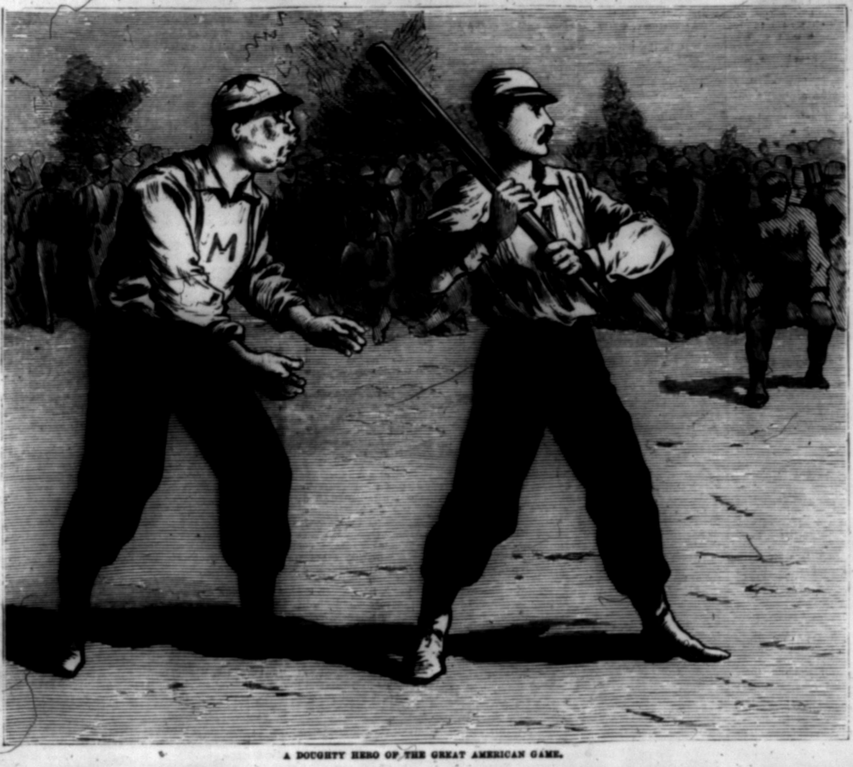
THE Benkeis were in a private compartment of the carriage, and had not noticed their son, who, when he rushed into their presence, cried, in Japanese, as he pushed aside the colored porter:

"Ah, day of all my existence! Is it my honored mother and father, my beloved sisters, whom I behold!"

Then falling upon the floor, performed the "Respectful Ceremony."

Mrs. Benkei and her daughters wept, but, like a true Japanese, Yuzoyama bore the ordeal bravely, and replied in the words of a native poet:

"There is no joy like the reunion
Of the domestic circle.



A DOUGHTY HERO OF THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME.

Ordinary pride is a sin, but
The pride of parents in their children
Is a virtue.
To once more behold a wandering son
Is consummate happiness."

The old folks were dressed in handsome silk robes, but the young ladies were costumed in American fashion.

After his father and mother had returned his greeting, Benkei arose, in order to receive his sisters' "Respectful Salutation," when, instead of falling upon their knees, sucking in their breath and knocking their pretty foreheads upon the floor, they threw their arms about his neck, and, to the horror of their parents, his own surprise and the amusement of the spectators, kissed him.

At first he did not seem to like it, he having expected, as the son and heir, to be recognized as such by the girls; added to which he had never before been kissed, and it made him feel bashful.

Osculation, or kissing, to use the ordinary term, is little known in Japan, and is only practiced by those who have adopted foreign notions.

It is, like ice-cream, a new sensation to them; however, they are rapidly acquiring a taste for both luxuries.

Ben closed the door of his compartment, and, turning to his family, said, in Japanese:

"Oh, how joyful it is to meet you once more! Tell me of my cousin, Tofu!"

"Tofu is no longer your cousin!" gravely replied his mother. "The Mikado has heard how your aunt and uncle saved her from death, and has sent for her to be one of the ladies in waiting to the Empress Haruko! Think no more of her, my son!"

They all knew of his admiration for the lively young lady, and felt sorry for his disappointment.

"Thee hea!" exclaimed the colored porter, sliding back the door of the compartment and thrusting in his woolly head. "Yo' folks jes bes' git out ob dis! De key-ar is goin' to be shunted into de washin'-shed! Dere's some gemmen on the platform wan' to see yo'!"

Benkei aroused himself when he heard this, and assisted his family to quit the vehicle.

"Gorry!" whispered Johnnie to Don, as they caught sight of Sin and Ten-jin. "Ain't they swell girls!"

Sin was tall and dark, and as graceful as a bamboo, and her sister was petite, plump and merry-faced.

Both had large, liquid, dark eyes, those of the elder sister being dreamy, and of the younger full of snap and fire.

They had evidently been well trained at the English school, for they received the congratulations of the collegians with all the grace of foreign-bred ladies.

Of course they were delighted to once more meet their friends, Orville and Dan, with whom, to tell the truth, they were desperately smitten.

There was much bowing and scraping over the introduction of the old folks, the ceremony vastly interesting a crowd that had gathered at the sight of the foreign dresses.

Instead of taking the party to a hotel, the brothers conducted them to the house of their relations in Boston, where, later in the day, they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Fillamore, Nellie, Rose and Sophie, who were charmed to find the Japanese girls so much like American young ladies.

For the next few days they took them to see all the sights of the city, Sin being particularly pleased with the public library, and a performance of "Aida" at the Boston Theatre.

At the request of their brother, the sisters resumed their national costume, and they certainly looked better in it than in foreign-shaped garments.

On the morning of the 23d of June, Orville, Dan and Benkei were waiting at the main entrance of college yard, just as, four years before, they, as freshmen, had done, watching for the arrival of their friends.

Now the chums were seniors, class-leaders and prominent men among their fellow-students. Then they were despised freshies.

Presently they were joined by Johnnie, who, since the arrival of the Benkeis, had scarcely quitted them.

He bore four enormous bouquets and was clad in full evening dress, ready for the coming exercises.

The news of the Japanese ladies' visit had got abroad, and attracted an orderly, respectful, interested crowd of students.

Ben had written his folks all about the opposition he had at first experienced, and how the boys disliked him on account of his being a "Jap." It therefore pleased the young man to hear the boys cheer when his parents stepped from their carriage.

"Three cheers for Benkei Yuzo!" shouted Cotter.

"That's one of the chaps your brother shaved, miss," whispered Johnnie, as he assisted Sin to alight from her vehicle. "Of course you heard of 'The Best Thing Yet'?"

"Hush!" she murmured; "that gentleman with Miss Lamont is looking angrily at you."

Skerry was evidently annoyed, but what was the good of that? Johnnie was bound to talk.

Sin knew all about the hazing scrape, and had translated the poem into Japanese.

Everything was rush, bustle and confusion, so after inspecting the preparations for the "spread," the ladies were conducted to the Saunders Theatre in Memorial Hall, and the young men left them in order to take part in the coming exercises.

Skerry was one of the marshals, and his tall form loomed up like a giant among pygmies.

Shaving him had worked a change in his nature, and he was in every way worthy of the pretty girl who had promised to become his wife.

As the senior class mustered before Holworthy Hall, preparatory to marching to chapel, the Mortimers joined the Fillamore-Benkei party and chatted with them, the three mothers feeling as proud as possible over their sons' successes.

Orville had headed the rank-list, and was to be orator of the day. Benkei's name stood second, and Dan's third, and the Japanese had been chosen to deliver the class ode.

Mortimer was present as special correspondent for the Tokio *Ke-ya-ki* and New York *Herald*.

What was done that day at Harvard was cabled to Tokio and read by the Mikado and thousands of Benkei's fellow-countrymen.

After the usual service in the Appleton Chapel, the seniors marched into the Saunders Theatre and took their places on the platform.

When the president, invited guests and college officials had all assembled, and the building would not contain another person, silence was called, and Orville, dressed in his robe of office, advanced to the edge of the tribune, and bowing, faced the brilliant throng.

He looked exceedingly handsome and manly, and Stout, who was seated next to Nellie, whispered:

"Is he not a grand fellow?"

"Yes," she sobbed, her heart being too full to express all she felt.

Orville spoke in a clear, ringing voice, that was heard all over the theatre, and after reviewing the class-history, said:

"When we came to the arms of Alma Mater a prejudice existed against the admission of students from that wonderful country, Japan. Since that time you have learned how noble, brave, patient and honorable are its sons, and to-day a native of Hondo—the land of poets—Doctor Yuzo Benkei, will read to you a poem worthy of this university and of his country."

Great applause followed, and when Orville resumed, he said:

"We have also abolished the absurd, cruel, senseless custom termed 'hazing,' that had so long disgraced this institution. Gentlemen of the junior classes, I ask you to pledge yourselves that this shall never be revived."

This request was received with deafening cheers, and as the "'rahs" died away, he continued his speech, depicted the future of his class and concluded with:

"Proudly we recall the record in the history of our country of the men of Harvard, but I here pray the Father of us all, that we may never be summoned to oppose our brothers on the bloody field of civil war, as did those Harvard boys whose names are inscribed on the tablets in the transept of this building. May we go forth as soldiers in the army of science, to combat superstition, ignorance and wrong, to help make mankind wiser and therefore better, to teach to minister to the sick, and to maintain in every land the fair fame of our Alma Mater."

At the close of this oration the audience rose *en masse* and cheered him, and it was not until their feelings had been soothed with a selection from the last opera that they were composed enough to listen to the class ode, which Benkei, robed in his native costume, delivered as follows, in Japanese:

"In the beginning was darkness;
Then came light,
The darkness was matter,
The light mind.
Light shines over all our earth,
Darkness is vanishing before its glory.
From space life gathered into shape.
The result was Alma Mater,
The beloved mother who teaches!
As the sun evolves atoms of fire,
So Alma Mater sends off souls
Charged with knowledge to illuminate
Nations hereto in darkness!
We go forth to instruct—then die!
If our teaching is worth remembering,
We become as the stars—
Beacons for these who follow us,
Reflecting a pale light from
That great source of knowledge,
Our Alma Mater!
Sai-o-nara, Harvard!
Farewell, dear teachers!"

This—a poem in Japanese—he translated, as here given, at the conclusion of which the audience saluted him as enthusiastically as they had done Orville.

This production was certainly far ahead of the usual

"Fair Harvard, we leave thee!"

As he retired to his seat, the venerable poet, Longfellow, motioned to him, and, extending his hand, whispered:

"Excellent! Doctor Benkei, I congratulate you! Call upon me before you quit Cambridge. Your poem is full of deep thought!"

That was a proud moment for Ben; however, he could only bow and smile, as the orator from out West was on his feet and addressing the class.

When the exercises were over, Orville quitted the theatre arm-in-arm with the President, to whom he had the great pleasure of introducing his parents, sisters and the Benkei family.

The chums' "spread" was a magnificent one, and their rooms were crowded, the Japanese young ladies being a great attraction.

At the struggle round the tree, the trio carried off their share of bouquets, and Sin, Ten-jin and Rose were the recipients of several of the prizes, and at the ball were the belles of the room. As Benkei said:

"The glory of Japan has this day shone beyond the seas!"

CHAPTER XL.

COMMENCEMENT.

THE next morning Benkei received a special invitation to visit the poet, and with his parents, chums and sisters called upon Longfellow, who won their hearts by his cordiality, gentleness and kindly manner.

He appeared to be much interested in Japan, and astonished them with his knowledge of their country.

"You should see glorious Fugi," exclaimed Ben, who, during the interview, scarcely removed his gaze from their host's face.

The poet smiled, and quoted, in Japanese:

"See the world and be unsatisfied;
See Fuji and die contented."

Adding, in English, "I have no desire to hasten my exit from this beautiful earth, on which I have so many friends. I am quite contented to live."

"You will never die," said Benkei, reverently. "It is recorded in our *Onna Ima-gawa* (Moral Lessons or Sayings):

'The poet is created, not born;
Is immortal.
He smiles at death and
Sings himself to sleep.
His soul, like that of
The conqueror, Yamato Daké,
Leaves his body to the earth,
And in the shape of a white dove
Soars into the ethereal space
From which, like the "Thousand-spirit Bird,"
It sings, enchants, and teaches mankind
Through all ages.'"

"You Niponese are great admirers of poetry," said Longfellow, when Benkei saluted him at the conclusion of his quotation. "Your country has produced many brave warriors and immortal poets. I am now too old to visit Japan. Come and see the chair made from the wood of the village chestnut-tree, which was presented to me by the children."

The party were shown all over the poet's house, which, he informed them, had been, in 1775, used by Washington as his headquarters.

"Ah!" exclaimed Benkei, as he glanced about him; "it was here the founder of your great nation deliberated upon the operations of the army destined to create a free republic. This spot is doubly sacred to patriotism and the Muses."

The poet chatted with the chums and ladies, and gave each of the latter his photograph, while to Benkei, whose admiration he fully appreciated, he presented a volume of his poems, on the fly-leaf of which he wrote:

"To the Niponese Poet, Benkei Yuzo,
From his friend, LONGFELLOW."

When the visitors were preparing to retire, Benkei and his family prostrated themselves, and, spite of their host's protest, performed the Respectful Ceremony.

"Oh!" cried Ben, as they drove toward the Washington Elm, "I am, indeed, honored. The greatest poet in the world has acknowledged me as his little brother!"

The friends ordered their vehicles to be stopped on Garden Street, near the old tree, and as they inspected it, Orville said:

"When Washington was here with the patriot army, he had a lookout built among the branches of this elm. Ben, old chum, read the inscription on that tablet; it was composed by your friend, Longfellow."

Benkei removed his hat, and advancing to the granite slab, read, in Japanese, for the benefit of his parents:

"Under this Tree
WASHINGTON
First took Command
OF THE
AMERICAN ARMY,
JULY 3d, 1775."

Mr. Benkei, senior, listened attentively and bowed reverently, but his wife, who was not so well up in foreign histories, whispered to her son:

"Yuzo, who was Washington? an American Yamato Daké?"

This was almost too much for the young man, who, leading his parent aside, replied in a low voice:

"Hush, mother! He was the Father of *our* Country, and he whipped the Britishers out of their boots!"

His chums overheard this, and it tickled them immensely.

"Ben, you are a good American," said Orville, as they re-entered their carriages. "You ought to become a citizen of our glorious land."

The genial fellow's eyes rolled and his lips twitched as he merrily answered:

"No, I cannot, like the leopard, change my spots. I am Nihonese with an American lining."

The brothers showed their guests everything that was worth seeing in the college grounds, including Memorial Hall, with its tablets inscribed to the students who fell during the late war, and its magnificent dining-room, 60 feet in width, 164 feet in length, and 80 feet in height to the apex of the roof.

"There's where we have, for four years, taken our meals," remarked Dan, in Japanese. "A thousand of us have dined in this hall at one time."

"What a lot of rice you must have devoured!" exclaimed Mrs. Benkei. "How did the cooks contrive to serve so many at once?"

They conducted her into the kitchen and explained that the Harvard boys lived on the fat of the land, then led the party to Gore Hall and showed them over the library, after which they inspected Boylston Hall, with its chemical laboratory, in which the chums had passed many hours, the Museum of Comparative Zoology, where Benkei had studied the magnificent collections of Agassiz, and the unfinished Peabody Museum.

The next day, after hearing the Baccalaureate sermon in the chapel, the party drove out to the Botanic Gardens, where Benkei had been instructed, and they spent several hours in examining the native plants, every species of grass, shrub and tree of America being there represented by one or more varieties.

From the garden they went to the Astronomical Observatory, which, like the Botanic collection, belongs to Harvard University.

Usually visitors are not admitted to the observatory, but in their case the rule was waived, and the Japanese were treated to views of other worlds than ours.

As they returned to Cambridge, Mr. Benkei said:

"Now I understand the grandeur of Harvard. It is a great teacher—a light of the world! My son's words are made plain to me!"

They told him that the university possessed a Medical and Dental School in Boston, a Divinity Hall and a Scientific School in Cambridge, and a School of Agriculture; the Bussey institution, at Jamaica Plain, where young men could learn the art of agriculture and horticulture, but the old gentleman politely declined to visit them, saying:

"I have seen the mountains of rooms you call Matthew's, Hollis, Holworthy, Thayer and other halls—the magnificent structures devoted to books, stuffed animals and tons of bits of stone and metal. I am aweary; give me some change."

They took him to Barnum's circus, then exhibiting in Boston, and he calmed down.

Early on the forenoon of the 29th of June the Benkeis, Fillamores and Mortimers assembled, with fifteen hundred other guests, in the Saunders Theatre of Memorial Hall, to witness the ceremonies known as the commencement exercises.

While the faculty, alumni and students were attending to the preliminary business and mustering, the cadet band entertained the guests with a concert.

Soon after ten o'clock the National Lancers, escorting the Governor of Massachusetts and his military staff, wheeled into the yard and were received by the marshal. The procession then formed in the following order, and marched to Saunder's Theatre:

Band.
Candidates for Degrees.
Committee, with Marshal.
The President and Distinguished Guests.
Governor and Staff.
Board of Overseers.
Faculty.
Alumni.

After every one was seated the following programme was carried out:

Latin Dissertation—"The Last Moments in the Life of Julius Cæsar"—Orville Fillamore. Excellently composed and delivered.

Thesis—"The French Republic, its Power and Stability"—Daniel Fillamore. Very good.

Disquisition—"What Other Nations Think of Us"—John Brackett. Humorous.

Then followed a number of dissertations and orations, among them being:

"Japanese Medical Science of the Past and Present"—Yuzo Benkei. A capital effort.

At the close of the thesis a number of degrees were conferred, the chums receiving:

Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science—Orville Fillamore. Doctor of Medicine and Doctor of Science—Yuzo Benkei. Bachelor of Science—Daniel Fillamore. Doctor of Philosophy—John Brackett.

By the time the young men received their sheepskins the audience were tired out, and that night the Fillamores, Benkeis and Mortimers retired early, in order to be fresh for the ceremony of the following day—the double wedding.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE CHUMS ARE WELCOMED BACK TO JAPAN.

A WEDDING in the Appleton Chapel of Harvard College is always an interesting event to "the boys," and when such favorites as Nellie Fillamore and Stout, and Sophie Lamont and Skerry are the high contracting parties, the students delay returning home in order to grace the ceremony with their presence.

The members of the Harvard Glee Club and Pierian Sodality took charge of the musical part of the arrangements, and the Phi-Beta Kappa, O. K., and Hasty Pudding Clubs attended to the matter of seats and relieved their brothers of all anxiety concerning the reception that followed the service.

Nellie's plucky act in going to warn the University crew had never been forgotten by the classes, added to which both Stout and Skerry had been prominent men, and as such entitled to what Johnnie termed "a rousing send-off."

Appleton Chapel and Massachusetts Hall were brilliantly illuminated, and the trees between the edifices decorated with Japanese lanterns, while the Harvard Rifle Corps guarded the gates of the sacred building and acted as the escort of the bridal party.

Precisely at eight o'clock the carriages arrived at the Cambridge Street entrance, and Nellie and her father alighted, followed by Sophie and her parent, a grand old Frenchman, who wore red the rosette of the Legion of Honor.

Then came the Misses Benkei, the chief bridesmaids, in full Japanese costume, escorted by their brother, who also wore his native dress.

Following these were Rose and Dan, Don Mortimer and his future bride, Johnny Brackett and the eldest Miss Mortimer, and Strong and the second daughter.

The next carriage contained Orville and his mother.

The vehicle behind it brought Mr. and Mrs. Stout.

The one following Miss Lamont and Mr. Skerry.

Then came Mr. and Mrs. Benkei, gorgeous in Japanese dress; Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer, grand, as became their social position; the remainder of their family and the Stouts, and a large party of friends.

When the ushers had conducted the principals to their respective positions before the railing of the communion-table, and had seated the members of the family and their guests, the Reverend A. P. Peabody, D.D., assisted by four other clergymen (all graduates of the Harvard Divinity School), proceeded with the service, certain portions of which were rendered chorally by the members of the Glee Club and Pierian Sodality.

After the benediction came the ceremony of signing the register, and as Johnnie Brackett affixed his name he, spite of the solemnity of the occasion and the presence of the clergymen, said, as he winked at Skerry:

"This is the best thing yet, old man."

Of course the bridegroom knew to what he referred, and flushed; but Sophie pretended ignorance of the wag's meaning, and turned her partner's annoyance to pleasure by saying:

"Come, husband, they are waiting for us."

Skerry smiled at this, and offering her his arm, led the way from the chapel to Massachusetts Hall, where, for several hours, the brides were busily engaged receiving the congratulations of their numerous friends.

The wedding-gifts were something magnificent.

Stout's class presented Nellie with a valuable service of plate, the centre-piece of which represented the University crew in their racing-shell being stopped by a lady in a canoe. Skerry's class gave Sophie a tea-service of silver gilt, and the Benkei's had brought each of the brides lacquered articles and Japanese goods sufficient to furnish their respective houses.

Ben presented Nellie with a pair of Satsuma vases worth five hundred dollars, and gave his old charmer, Miss Skerry, the cabinet of books.

The brothers contributed handsomely, and Orville's special gift to his sister was a diamond-crusted locket, containing exquisitely-painted miniatures of their family.

The reception was enlivened with singing and music, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

The next day the newly-wedded folks started upon their bridal tour round the world.

"God bless you, Nellie," said Orville, as he kissed Mrs. Stout good-by. "We will meet you in Tokio about this time next year."

"*Sai-o-nara!*" cried the Benkeis, Sin adding:

"You must stay with us a while, dear friends, in Mushashi. We Japanese say:

The lilies of Sai-tama
Smile upon the young bride."

"Then I will visit you," was the merry response. "I would like to see a lily smile. *Sai-o-nara!*"

"*Sai-o-nara!*" cried the chums," little thinking under what circumstances they were to again behold the bride.

Before quitting Cambridge, Orville, Dan and Benkei paid their respects to the President, who said:

"I am very proud of you, and would like to join your party, for you are about to visit Japan under most favorable circumstances. Prince Ando writes me that the Mikado has directed you shall be treated as his guests, and every facility for visiting the sights of the country is to be placed at your disposal. It is the Tenno's recognition of your kindness to his subjects and for your honorable conduct during your journey from Hato to Tokio."

"Indeed, we owed everything to our friend Benkei," said Orville. "But for him we should have fared very poorly."

"Yes," observed Dan, "the Emperor should reward Yuzo, who so patiently bore with our ignorance and conceit, and not us."

"He *has* rewarded him," quietly remarked the President, taking a small parcel from the table and handing it to Benkei. "I received this last night from the Japanese Minister in Washington. He was afraid it would not reach you in time."

Benkei's face crimsoned with pride when, on opening the cover, he beheld a lacquered box or envelope, bearing the Chrysanthemum (Kiku), of his Imperial Majesty, Mutsuhito, the 123rd Mikado.

After reverently raising the package nine times to his forehead, he said, in an agitated voice:

"Mr. President, will you excuse me while I read this?"

"Certainly," replied the gentleman.

Benkei took out the inclosures, which were wrapped in silk, tied with a golden cord, and, after perusing their contents, said, in a proud voice:

"I am indeed honored! His Majesty, the Mikado, has conferred upon me the eighth degree of nobility, and has given my noble Uncle Hirano that of seventh. This shorter document appoints me surgeon to the guests of the Tenno, and directs me to assume such responsibility from the moment Messrs. Orville and Daniel Fillamore, and their invited companions land on the sacred soil of Nihon."

Mutual congratulations followed this speech, and the doctor explained that his uncle, Benkei Hirano, of Wakamatsu, had been ennobled for saving the life of the Princess Ichijo of Haruko (Miss Toin), who had proved to be a cousin of the Empress.

After quitting the president's house, the young men visited and bade adieu to the various professors under whom they had studied.

The next day the Fillamores, Mortimers, Johnnie and their guests started for New York, where the Japanese were entertained with the sights of the city, after which the entire party took the cars for San Francisco, via the Yosemite Valley.

On the 1st of August they went down the bay to the steamship *Great Republic*, which had steamed up and was only waiting their arrival to start upon her long voyage of four thousand miles.

"You have an immense amount of baggage, Dan," remarked Rose, as they stood on the poop watching the cases being hoisted in.

"*We* haven't much extra," he remarked. "Orv takes a telephone, phonograph and michrophone, and I a case of scientific instruments; then we each have a bicycle, and Johnnie Brackett has a couple of big cases and a trunk filled with phrenologacal busts and charts."

"Yes," nodded the wag, who was lounging near by. "I am going to set them feeling each other's bumps, and mean to give them a taste for examining human heads instead of cutting them off, as they now do."

"Whose baggage is that, then?" demanded the young lady, pointing to the heaps on the steamer and tug.

"That belongs to Ben's family," answered Johnnie, with a grin. "All our traps are to be passed in duty free, so the old folks have brought along sewing-machines and pianos to stock a store. I tell you they're smart."

"What are in those large cases of yours?" inquired Dan, indicating two packages marked "Brackett—to be kept dry."

"That's tellings," chuckled Johnnie. "You'll learn, chum, all in good time."

When the last trunk was hoisted on board, the voyagers bade farewell to parents, relatives and friends, and the noble vessel slipped from her moorings and steamed for Yokohama.

On the fourteenth morning out, Saturday, 17th of August, under the one hundredth and eightieth meridian, the chums assisted in the ceremony of "Burying a Day," with which exception nothing worthy of record occurred during the voyage.

At last, on the evening of the 28th of August, the look-out man announced:

"Light on the starboard bow!"

"That is Cape King light, off the shore of Awa," remarked the captain to Benkei. "Since you left Nihon your government has erected lighthouses all round this coast. Yours is a wonderful nation."

"Yes," proudly replied the doctor, "we strive to make the glory of Japan, like our lights yonder, shine beyond the seas."

"Excuse me," quietly observed Orville, who, with his brother, Don and Johnnie, just then joined them; "those lamps are American ones."

Benkei laughed, and good-humoredly retorted:

"Excuse *me*, chum, they are *now* the property of the Mikado. Don't be too smart. They are paid for."

A hearty laugh followed this, and as there was no sleeping until late that night, the party sat up and chatted about Harvard, and what they expected to accomplish before they once more saw their native land.

"I shall initiate your folks into the secrets of the telephone, the michrophone and speaking phonograph," said Orville.

"And I'll reveal to them the latest discoveries in chemistry and mineralogy," said Dan.

"I mean to have a jolly good time," chuckled Johnnie.

"And I will instruct the native editors in the mysteries of modern journalism," said Don Mortimer. "From what I have seen of their newspapers, they want more 'go' infused into them. I don't believe they understand the noble art of interviewing."

The captain laughed significantly at this remark, and observed:

"Wait a few moments, Mr. Mortimer. We are nearly opposite Kadusa, and shall soon see the lights of the steam yacht *Adzuma*, belonging to the Associated Press of Tokio."

As he spoke they saw the flash of rockets ahead, and were presently slowing, in order to permit the craft to communicate.

The chums clustered around the gangway, and when the steam yacht swung alongside and made fast, heard the voice of Prince Ando crying:

"*Great Republic*, ahoy! Are the Fillamores and Doctor Benkei among your passengers?"

"Yes," shouted Orville. "Come right aboard, old chum."

In another instant Ando was scrambling up the side-ladder, at his heels being Jim Kidder, the head of the Imperial Telegraph Department of Tokio.

After shaking their hands and welcoming them to Nihon, Ando produced his note-book and began to question Benkei as to the latest news.

While he was thus employed, Jim Kidder took the brothers aside, and having expressed his great delight at once more beholding them, said:

"Well, boys, what's your programme this time?"

Orville briefly informed him, and the good fellow promised them every assistance in his power, remarking:

"You'll find everything Americanized in Tokio and the large places, but very little change in the smaller towns and in the country. You will have a real good time."

At that moment Ando, who had learned all he wanted from Benkei, sent off his notes, per steam yacht, to the city, then hurried to the amazed chums and said:

"I usually depute interviewing to my reporters, but on this occasion came myself. Welcome to Japan, my dear old chums. You do not know how delighted I am to once more behold you!"

"What announcement have you made of our plans?" inquired Dan. "We had no idea that you boarded ships down in the bay in this American fashion."

The journalist laughed, and replied:

"To-morrow the *Ke-ya-ki* will contain this notice: 'Last night the steamship *Great Republic* brought to our shores the distinguished scholars Orville Fillamore, A.B., S.B.; Daniel Fillamore, S.B.; Benkei Yuzo, *Kua-zoku*, M.D., S.D.; Donald Mortimer, A.M., special correspondent for the New York *Herald*, and John Brackett, P.D., all graduates of Harvard University, U. S. These gentlemen propose, after seeing the sights of Tokio, to visit the principal spots of interest in Southern Hondo, Shikoku and Kiusiu.' Will that suit you, Brother Mortimer?"

"Perfectly!" said Don. "Ando, I thought I could teach you something of journalism, but am mistaken."

"What message shall I telegraph home?" demanded Kidder.

Orville glanced at his companion, then merrily returned:

"Jim, old friend, you can say that the Chums of Harvard College are going upon a scientific, journalistic and amusing expedition 'THROUGH THE HEART OF JAPAN.'"

THE END.

TOPSY-TURVY;
OR,
The Boy Explorer.
AND
THE WORLD TURNED INSIDE OUT.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE "JEANNETTE" TAKES A NEW PASSENGER.

SAM'S first act was to examine his quarters. The room was built of stone, was about ten feet square and seven feet high, and was lighted by a small window near the ceiling on one side. That is, by a hole in the wall, which was about two feet square. Glass nor other material therein there was not; and peering through the aperture Sam could see that the wall was at least a foot thick, and that the sky and trees were the only objects visible.

Having taken in the character of his surroundings, the boy got up from a rough block of stone in which he had dropped, or been pushed, when making his sudden entrance, and proceeded to try the door.

This, to his horror, proved to be a single block of stone, which fitted into its place as if it had been cemented, and could no more be moved by the kicks he bestowed upon it than could the rest of the wall.

Sam now seated himself upon the block of stone to consider the situation.

What could have happened to so suddenly change the current of his adventure, just when it was progressing so easily and comfortably? Evidently the messenger who had arrived so inopportunely had brought some news of a disastrous sort, and involved him in it. Perhaps the steamer had been discovered; perhaps his friends had come with reinforcements in search of him, and there had been a fight. Sam began to realize that, by his reckless freak for the sake of adventure he had possibly jeopardized the lives of all of his party.

His reflections were interrupted by a remarkable occurrence.

The window was suddenly darkened from without, and as the boy turned to discover the reason for this, something was flung through it and fell at his feet.

He stooped and looked at the object. His hands being tied beyond his power to extricate them, he was unable to touch it.

It was a curiously constructed but very sharp-edged knife.

Instantly he divined that some friendly hand had thrown it to him, while its use was obvious.

Seizing it between his two feet, he raised it from the ground and managed to hold it firmly with the edge up. Then he bent down until he could reach it with his hands, when, by sawing with its sharp edge against the thongs which bound him, he succeeded in readily freeing himself.

He now endeavored to raise himself to the window by his hands, and easily managed to lift his head above the sill, so that he could look through it. But having nothing upon which to rest his feet, it was quite impossible for him to do more than this. As for moving the block of stone, he might as well have tried to move one of the pyramids of Egypt.

There was nothing to be done but to sit down and await developments.

This he accordingly did, and remained quiet for about ten minutes. He was growing restless, conceiving that his new friend had certainly deserted him, when he heard a long, low whistle, whose note seemed familiar.

He responded to it, and it was repeated, and this time there was no mistaking its source.

Sam leaped to his feet and clapped his hands with delight, at the same moment he heard a voice beneath the window—a voice which he well knew—cry: "Sam, are you there?"

"Here I am, cap'n," he answered, in the same low tone, recognizing the voice of Captain Wortendyke, as he had just before recognized his whistle.

"Stand ready to catch," cried the captain. "There's no time to be lost."

And at the same instant a coil of something came through the window, which, on being caught by Sam, proved to be some of the same material with which he had been tied.

The other end was held without, and on giving it a quick tug, Sam felt an answering pull on the other side.

"It is made fast," said the captain; "now hurry and use it."

It was the work of a moment for Sam to place his feet against the wall, and while holding on to the rope, hoist himself up until he had pushed both feet through the window.

"Shall I drop?" he asked.

"You'll have to," the answer came back. "But it's only a dozen feet or so, and soft ground."

Reassured by this statement, Sam let himself through after turning in the window, until he hung by both hands from the outer edge. Then giving the wall a push with both feet, he threw himself backward, and struck the ground on his hands and knees, unhurt, except by a few scratches.

He was helped to his feet by Captain Wortendyke, who fairly hugged him with delight at finding him.

"No time to be lost, my boy," he said. "Those red devils will miss you, ten to one. But how did get your hands untied?"

"Why, with the knife you threw me."

"Knife? I have thrown you no knife."

Sam, thinking the knife had been procured by the captain, had taken the precaution to place it in his belt, and he now produced it.

"Why, that is a native weapon, and I never saw it. Somebody else must be looking out for you."

And as he said this the captain began to search about him cautiously.

The building in which Sam had been confined was at the same side of the city at which he had entered, and formed a part of the wall itself. Where the two now stood was the open country, and tangled underbrush and small trees were all about them.

Captain Wortendyke was looking about among these trees to find the person who had thrown the knife, when an exclamation from the boy attracted his attention, and he returned to his side.

The captain's astonishment at finding the lad no longer alone was manifest.

Close by his side, with her head bowed low before him, stood a beautiful native girl, evidently not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age. Graceful and exquisitely proportioned, she seemed, as she stood perfectly still in the attitude she had first assumed, with her simple white drapery clinging to her form, and her coronet of feathers on her brow, like some statue, or a figure out of a painting.

"Where did she come *from*?" asked the captain.

"I can't imagine," answered Sam. "I was looking about here to see who threw me the knife, when I heard a little noise, and there she was beside me."

"Perhaps she threw it?"

"Sure enough. I never thought of that," and Sam took the knife from the belt, and pointed first at it and then to the girl, with a questioning gesture.

She understood him, and a smile lit up her face as she looked up at him. Then she pointed to the window, and bending low to the ground, imitated the action of a person throwing something behind her.

"Why, she must have leaned over the edge of the roof to do it," said the captain.

"Yes, and that accounts for my seeing the window darkened. A pretty plucky thing to do. By the way, she might have fallen and broken her neck."

"This won't do for us, my boy. If we don't get away from here we will both get captured next. Say good-by to your fair friend, and let us hurry on."

Sam held out his hand and clasped the little palm of the maiden, held it a moment, and was about hastening away, when, to his surprise, she seized his arm, and while her whole appearance shewed the most abject terror, she seemed to implore Sam not to leave her.

"Why, she is afraid of something," said the boy.

"Looks like it. Perhaps they will find out she had a hand in your escape and make a sacrifice of her."

Sam started once more to go on, as if leaving her; again the girl clung to him, while her eyes filled with tears, and she moaned pitifully.

Suddenly there was a confused murmur in the air. Then hoarse cries were heard, and a tremendous clashing, as of gongs or other metallic instruments, sounding together.

"We are discovered. They have found out your escape. Hurry! hurry!"

Sam tried to run, but the girl still clung to his arm, while her agony of fear was pitiful to witness.

"Bring her along! Anything to get out of this," cried the captain.

Sam clasped her hand and drew her after him. Her face cleared in a moment, and fleet as an antelope, she followed in his footsteps, holding fast by Sam's hand.

"This way," cried Captain Wortendyke, as he dashed down a narrow gorge, closely followed by the others.

He seemed to catch the route by instinct, and in a very few moments they were winding in and out among the intricacies of the pillars and broken fragments of stone that encumbered the plain where was the immense mound of human dust whose discovery had first led them to the scene of their recent adventures.

Far behind they could hear the voices of their pursuers, who had evidently, by the sound, passed through one of the gates, and were now at large in the open country, hunting for their prisoner, and probably for his savior.

"Thank Heaven! there's the sea," cried Captain Wortendyke, as they neared the beach. And he hastened on to hail the boat.

He soon saw it moving slowly along not far from the shore, and though fearful of giving a clue to their position which would enlighten their enemies, was forced to shout to attract the attention of the crew.

The noise he made had at first no effect, but being repeated several times, it at length attracted the attention of the officer in charge of the boat, who immediately ordered his men to pull in the direction of the spot where the three stood, the captain and Sam waving their hats in the air to hasten the rowers.

There was need for haste.

The captain's shouts had been heard by those of their pursuers who were in the advance, and these were now in sight, running with all their speed in the direction of the shore.

It was a race now.

Those in the boat, divining from the evident anxiety of the captain and his companions, that they were in danger, plied their oars with all their strength, and the boat darted through the water with tremendous speed.

Twenty armed natives were by this time within a hundred yards of the shore.

Captain Wortendyke caught the cowering girl in his arms.

"Look out for yourself, Sam!" he shouted, and dashed into the shoal water to meet the boat.

Sam stood sturdily in his place, covering the retreat of the others, with his revolver in his hand.

The prow of the boat grated on the sand as Captain Wortendyke placed the now fainting girl in the arms of Lieutenant De Vergne, who was in the bow, and stood up to receive her.

At this moment the natives were within a few yards of Sam, who was backing slowly to the water's edge.

Looking over his shoulder, he saw that the others were safe, and raising his revolver, he fired, one, two, three times in quick succession, but in the air.

The entire party of natives fell on the ground upon their faces.

When they raised their heads it was to see their intended victims safely in the boat, and being hurried toward the steamer.

With wild yells they hurled their spears in the air after the fugitives, and one of these Sam caught in his hand as it was flying harmlessly past him.

In a few moments they reached the *Jeannette*, and the native girl, who had by this time recovered her consciousness, was assisted over the steamer's side and consigned to the care of Mrs. St. Clair and her daughter.

Sam was welcomed by every one, though scolded somewhat by Captain St. Clair for his foolhardy act. The boy was a great favorite, and no one could be right down angry with him.

But not much time was now devoted to talk.

Captain Wortendyke advised that the steamer should depart immediately.

"There's no telling what these fellows may do," he said, "and I wouldn't wait longer than it will take to get up steam."

The commander learned to impose great faith in Captain Wortendyke, and he took his advice.

The *Jeannette's* fires being still burning, in a very brief time steam was got up, and all hands were called to heave up the anchor.

The latter was already apeak, when a shout from one of the men attracted general attention, and there was a rush to the side of the vessel to see what had happened.

What had happened was this:

From around a point a quarter of a mile above the spot where the fugitives had entered the boat a fleet of large canoes had put out into the sea, and were now rapidly approaching the steamer.

They were all filled with armed men, and as there were at least thirty of them, there were probably more than a thousand natives on board.

This was a formidable array, and promised a serious attack.

Fortunately, the commander was equal to the emergency.

The *Jeannette* was in possession of a small smooth-bore cannon, intended for saluting, and had ammunition for it, including grapeshot.

This gun was at once loaded, and as the steamer swung round free from her anchorage and began to feel the first impression of the steam, and just as the foremost boats were within hailing distance, and a number of men armed with powerful bows were preparing to send a cloud of arrows into her, the order was given to fire.

In a moment the little gun belched forth its heavy charge of grape.

It had been well aimed, and the charge struck in in the midst of the first crowded boat.

When the smoke cleared away the boat was a wreck, her crew—such as were not killed or disabled—were struggling in the water and trying to reach the other boats; and that was the last that was seen of this mysterious land, and its still more mysterious inhabitants.

In ten minutes the *Jeannette*, under full head of steam, was driving "due north" at the rate of fifteen miles an hour; and Sam—who was nearly starved, but had run on deck to see the last parting blow—was eating a hearty meal below, and reciting his adventures to an interested group of listeners, including the entire party of Valentia Island and Isthmus excursionists.

"But there is one thing I can't understand," said Sam.

"And what is that?" inquired Wilcox.

"And that is, what on earth it was that turned those chaps against me, when we were getting on so nicely together. Why, they were making a little god of me, and I would have been 'King of the Cannibal Islands' by this time, sure, if it hadn't been for some pesky interference that I can't fathom."

"And which I can explain in a jiffy," said Captain Wortendyke, who had just entered the cabin.

"Well, do, then," said the boy, "for it bothers me."

"It was just this," said the captain, taking a seat beside the table. "When they saw you they thought you were a single specimen of the creature, and consequently a rare bird; and I have no doubt that, as you say, they would have made a 'big Injun' of you. But, you see, I came in and spoiled it all."

"You? How?"

"Why, a lot of them discovered me as I was edging along by the crowd, watching how you were getting along. They gave chase, but I outran them, and then they had wit enough to go down to the shore to see if there were any more like us, and there they saw the *Jeannette*. By this time I had worked my way round to their big palace, or temple, or whatever it is, and was looking in from the outside window. When I saw the fellow come running back to tell what he had seen, I knew that the jig was up. I saw them take you to the rear of the building, and I ran round on the outside and found out where they took you, chancing to see the rope and pick it up as I went, and then I climbed over their stone fence and had no difficulty in locating the very room they put you in."

Sam drew a long breath.

"But how did you get in, in the first place?" he asked.

"By the same means that you did, only you blundered in, while I found out the trick."

"Much obliged to you for nothing—what was the trick?"

"Why, in the gate in the wall—you saw it open, and yet there was nobody there to open it—didn't you?"

"I did; what then?"

"Why, that door, or gate, is rigged with some kind of a spring. You kicked and hammered on it until you accidentally struck the spring, and then—'open sesame!'"

"True as preachin'; but how did *you* know what I did?"

"Why, I saw you," said Captain Wortendyke, laughing. "I was within sight of you, but was beat with running, and not near enough to have made you hear, if I could have hollowed ever so loud. But I saw you trying the door, and I chanced to notice where your last blow hit it. Then observing that no one appeared, while you stood waiting, and seeing the door shut after you, I guessed at the trick. When I got there I struck two or three times until I hit the right spot—and 'open sesame' again! *Savey?*"

All laughed at the droll manner of the captain, and Sam blessed his luck that had brought the captain to his rescue. For the *after-events* showed plainly that the natives must have discovered the *Jeannette* some time, when Sam would doubtless have had to pay for his temerity with his *life*.

All this time Sam had quite *forgotten* about his new *protégée*, and it was only when he went on deck, and discovered her sitting cozily with Mrs. St. Clair and Emmeline, watching the fast-receding volcano, as it still sent up its dense cloud of black smoke, that he recalled that portion of his adventure with which she was connected.

On seeing Sam, the girl's face lighted up, and she rose from her seat as if to go to him. Sam came forward rather sheepishly, and took the hand which she extended toward him, trying hard not to laugh at the new position in which he found himself.

"She has been looking for you ever since she came on board," said Emmeline; "I declare I shall be quite jealous."

Sam blushed, and Mrs. St. Clair said, "Emmeline!" reprovingly.

"Well, she is just as sweet as she can be," continued that vivacious young lady, "and you ought to be real good to her."

"Well, considering that she saved my life, I think you're right," said Sam.

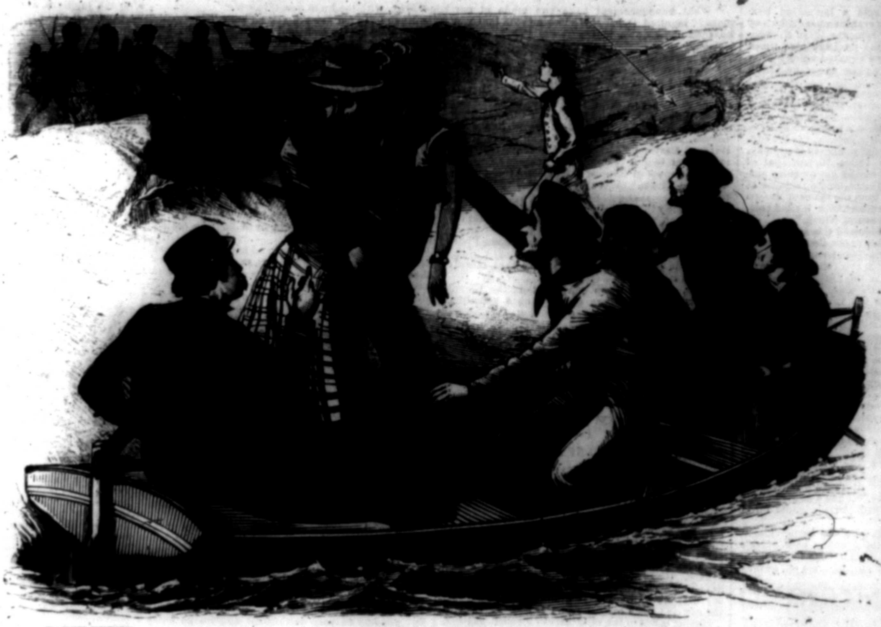
"Why, I thought Captain Wortendye did that?"

"If she hadn't thrown me that knife," said Sam, taking the cunningly-made weapon from his belt and exhibiting it. "Captain Wortendyke might have waited until doomsday for me."

"Why so?" asked Mrs. St. Clair.

"Because my hands were tied together with some kind of leather thongs, so that there was no untying them, though I almost broke all my front teeth trying it."

And then Sam had to sit down and tell all about the interposition of his native friend, and as he constantly pointed at her she seemed to understand what he was saying perfectly well, and occasionally helped him out in his narration with some pretty gesture, which was charming to see.



TOPSY-TURVY.—"THE PROW OF THE BOAT GRATED ON THE SAND AS CAPTAIN WORTENDYKE PLACED THE NOW FAINTING GIRL IN THE ARMS OF LIEUTENANT DE VERGNE, WHO WAS IN THE BOW, AND STOOD UP TO RECEIVE HER."—SEE PAGE 119.

"I wonder what her name is?" said Emmeline, presently.

"I guess I can find out," responded Sam.

Then pointing to Emmeline, he said, slowly, "Em-me-line," several times over.

At first the girl seemed bewildered, but presently his meaning flashed upon her, and she tried to pronounce the name, at length succeeding so well as to be understood, and evidently knowing exactly what it meant.

When she had caught it, she pointed to Sam, and raising her eyebrows, said:

"Em-me-line!"

The boy laughed aloud, and shook his head. Then he said "Sam," pointing to himself.

She caught this name in a moment, and kept repeating it over to herself, apparently to her great delight, while Sam was confused enough, and the bystanders laughed heartily at his expense.

But now it was time to try his experiment on herself, so pointing at her, he said "Em-me-line," and then "Sam," to each of which she shook her head, as she had seen him do. Then she caught his wish, and said "Tolula," in a way that showed very plainly that this was really her name.

"Tolula, Tolula? Aztec, certainly," said Professor Corbeau, when he heard it. "There is no doubt, my friend, but we have come upon the region whence originated the wonderful migration which more than a thousand years ago peopled Mexico and Arizona, if not even the Mississippi valley itself," and the rotund professor linked his arm in that of Doctor Beaumont, and the two argued this important question while the *Jeannette*, now only a bare hundred miles or so from the North Pole, was plowing its lonely way over the waste of waters in search of newer and still more wonderful discoveries.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OUT OF THE WORLD—YET IN IT.

It was not many hours after leaving the inhabited region where Sam had met with his adventure that the lookout on the steamer *Jeannette* reported a new current setting toward the north, and increasing momentarily in speed.

It was also observed that the dip of the needle, which had been noticeable ever since the explorers entered the eighty-second parallel, had now become so positive that it might almost be said to point directly downward or toward the south.

All on board became speedily interested in noting these and other curious phenomena.

"I don't like this current turning up again," said Captain St. Clair to his wife, as they sat looking off over the water.

"Do you think it is the same current?"

"I don't know what to think. After losing it, it seems curious to meet it again so much further north, but I have really no knowledge on the subject, and it is useless to speculate."

"This is not a current," said the commander, who was passing, and heard the remarks.

"What is it, then?" asked Captain St. Clair.

"A set of the sea northward. I have, by changing the steamer's course, tracked it for several miles, and find it the same everywhere within that range. I have no doubt the whole sea around the pole sets in the same direction."

"Why don't you turn around, commander?" asked Mrs. St. Clair, a little nervous. "How do you know but there may be some terrible waterfall at the end of it?"

"I *don't* know, but I can't turn round. Do you not notice that we have let the fire go down, and that the machinery is not running?"

"Good Heavens! How, then, are we moving?"

"We are drifting, madam, at the rate of twenty miles an hour!"

Others had gathered about, and faces paled on hearing this extraordinary assertion.

"But, captain," cried Wilcox, "why not try your drag scheme, as you did in the boat?"

Captain St. Clair laughed.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you did not catch that trick, then. Why, the drag would have been of no use in the current. It would, of course, have floated along with us. I was very careful to throw it outside the current, when it acted as if it had been thrown on shore. I thought you had seen through it."

"Captain," cried Sam, who had been standing near and heard this conversation—"Captain Wortendyke, I want to know how you found out our speed in the Pacific Ocean, when you hove the log into the current?"

Captain Wortendyke grinned and looked at Doctor Beaumont, who looked at Lieutenant De Vergne, and then all laughed loudly.

"Why, my dear boy," he said, "how could I have found it out but by the resistance of the water against the log?"

"But we were in a current then, and the log must have floated along with the boat."

"Well, you see, Sam, that current was so strong that it dived right under the surface water into which I hove the log."

"Oh, gammon," said Sam.

And then everybody laughed again.

But Sam never could get Captain Wortendyke to explain how he got the speed of the boat in the current, with the log traveling as fast as the boat.

The fact was that he had made game of them all, Doctor Beaumont included, by humoring the latter when he had asked him to heave the log, and then guessing at the rate of speed.

The *Jeannette* continued to make rapid progress, and all were on the watch.

So passed this eventful day, until about three o'clock in the afternoon, all of our party of explorers being on the quarter-deck of the *Jeannette*, there came upon all a consciousness of an astonishing change in the nature of their surroundings.

The dim light of the Autumn polar sun became transformed into a new radiance which was not like sunlight, but cold and white. Then, too, the horizon-line of sky disappeared so gradually that no one marked when it escaped the vision, and a new horizon, of a strangely beautiful and luminous ether, took its place.

Those who were looking out over the stern of the boat saw, to their horror and amazement, that the sky itself was fading from their view.

They looked at each other, incapable of defining this extraordinary alteration in the heavens and in the atmosphere.

The commander, with Captain St. Clair and Captain Wortendyke, had, in the meantime, been busy with their instruments, and in making some abstruse mathematical calculations, and no one disturbed them.

At length Captain St. Clair stepped to the side of his wife, saying:

"Do you imagine what has happened?"

"No, my dear. What is it? You alarm me."

"*We have reached the North Pole, and are now sailing into the interior of the earth.*"

"But, my dear sir," said Lieutenant De Vergne, "if that be so, the theory of that American, Captain Symmes, is proven."

"Exactly so," said Captain Wortendyke, who had joined them; "Captain Symmes was right, and this is what has been so long sneered at by scientists as Symmes's Hole."

"I never heard of that," observed Doctor Beaumont; "tell us about it."

"Captain Symmes," continued the other, "was an American soldier, who fought gallantly in the war between Great Britain and the United States in 1812. After the close of the war he settled down in the West and devoted himself to study. He became convinced that the world is hollow, and believed that if vessels could reach the Pole through the belt of ice which surrounded it, they would be able to visit the interior, and would find regions capable of being inhabited by man. He lectured on this theory, and even tried to get an expedition fitted out to test its correctness. But he was generally considered to be a harmless lunatic, and in the end he died in poverty, without having proved his idea to be correct. He did, however, make some converts to his views; and among these was a son, to whom he had given the name Americus, who continued to study up the question, and who lectured on it in the West not many years ago."

"But on what did this Captain Symmes base his theory?" asked Professor Corbeau, who had been an interested listener.

"Mainly on pure reason, though he did have some facts to sustain him. These were the appearance of tropical leaves floating in Arctic waters, and the fact that whales and herring appeared every season with their young, in good condition, coming from the north in shoals, as though they had left a warm and productive interior, instead of a frozen surface. But a most remarkable evidence in favor of his theory was the statement of Captain Parry, after one of his voyages, and which has been verified by the commander of this ship, Captain St. Clair, and myself, since we sailed from the island."

"And that is?" asked Doctor Beaumont.

"The fact that, after he had reached very high latitudes, the North Star arose over the bow of his vessel and set over the stern, thus showing that his vessel was actually headed toward the interior of the earth."

The *Jeannette* was now observed to have slackened her speed, and it was soon discovered that the force of the current, or "set," had materially lessened. So evidently was this the case, that the commander gave orders to get up steam again, and the fires were accordingly started.

There was by this time no sign of blue sky in any direction.

In place of this was a luminous atmosphere, beyond which the eye could not penetrate, and which afforded a brilliant and not disagreeable light.

The sea upon which the *Jeannette* was sailing extended as far as the eye could reach in all directions. The commander ordered soundings to be taken, which was accordingly done, while all stood by watching the process with eager curiosity. The lead struck bottom at eighty fathoms, and being brought to the surface, showed a multitude of fine fragments of shells, mixed with pure white sand.

"It is some satisfaction to know that this place is not bottomless," remarked the commander, as the result of the soundings was disclosed."

"Then we are simply sailing on the inside, as we have previously sailed on the outside, of what is actually a hollow shell."

"That is about it, I guess," said Captain Wortendyke, in answer to this remark, which was made by Lieutenant De Vergne.

"But what I can't understand," said Mrs. St. Clair, "is, where we get this beautiful, soft light, which is so different from our sunlight."

"I have been considering that question," said Professor Corbeau, "and I think I have hit upon a solution of it."

"If you have done that, you are better at guessing natural conundrums than I am." This from the *Herald* correspondent.

"Well, Mr. Wilcox, I think I have guessed this one."

"And what do you believe to be the cause of the light, professor?" inquired Captain St. Clair.

"Electricity."

"Oh, that is always the way," said Wilcox, rather flippantly; "whenever you scientific gentlemen get stuck with a tough question, you always cry 'Electricity.' Now, for my part, I think electricity has had enough put on its shoulders."

"Very well, very well, Mr. Wilcox. Perhaps you will be good enough to suggest some better idea, since you disapprove of that one."

"I remember to have seen somewhere that the earth was hollow, and had a sun of its own revolving in the middle."

Emmeline, who had made this remark, flushed very much when she saw the professor looking sharply at her, and immediately gazed in the opposite direction from him.

"Thank you, Miss Emmeline; that is a very good idea, wherever you got it," said Wilcox; "there is no good reason why we should not have a sun inside the earth as well as outside."

"But, professor," here remarked Lieutenant De Vergne, "how do you account for the presence of electricity in such force as to produce a light as bright as our day?"

"I account for it in this way: It is well known that a revolving body turns many times faster at its axis than it does at its circumference. It is also known that electricity is simply a condition produced by accelerated motion. Now, my theory is that the motion, which at the surface of the earth produces light and heat, becomes so much more rapid in its interior as to produce electricity, which, besides being luminous, possesses many other properties, the result of which we shall probably see."

"I had an idea that we got our light from the sun, as well as our heat," said Wilcox, sarcastically.

"It is the prevailing idea, I admit, but a good many wise persons are beginning to doubt it. And it is very plain that we do not get our light here from the sun."

"I think the electrical notion a very good one, and I shall adopt it," put in Mrs. St. Clair, laughing. "This beats Edison completely."

Sam had heard the first portion of this scientific dialogue, but finding it rather tiresome, he had quietly withdrawn from the group, and had clambered up one of the masts, from which he was now looking off with Captain St. Clair's spyglass.

"Land, ho!" shouted the boy, at this juncture.

Instantly all were on the alert, as Sam was gesticulating wildly, and pointing in a direction a little to starboard of their course.

"What is it, Sam?" cried Captain Wortendyke.

"Land, right on our starboard bow, not more than ten miles off."

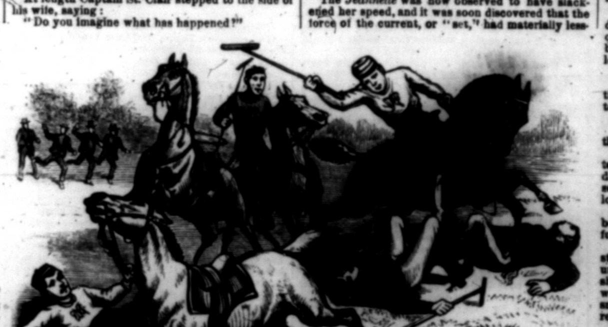
The *Jeannette* was moving at the rate of about ten miles an hour; and although the land evidently lay low in the water, it could shortly be seen from the deck, presenting the appearance of a long, white, sandy beach.

As they neared it low foot-hills rose behind this beach, covered with trees, and presenting a beautiful sight.

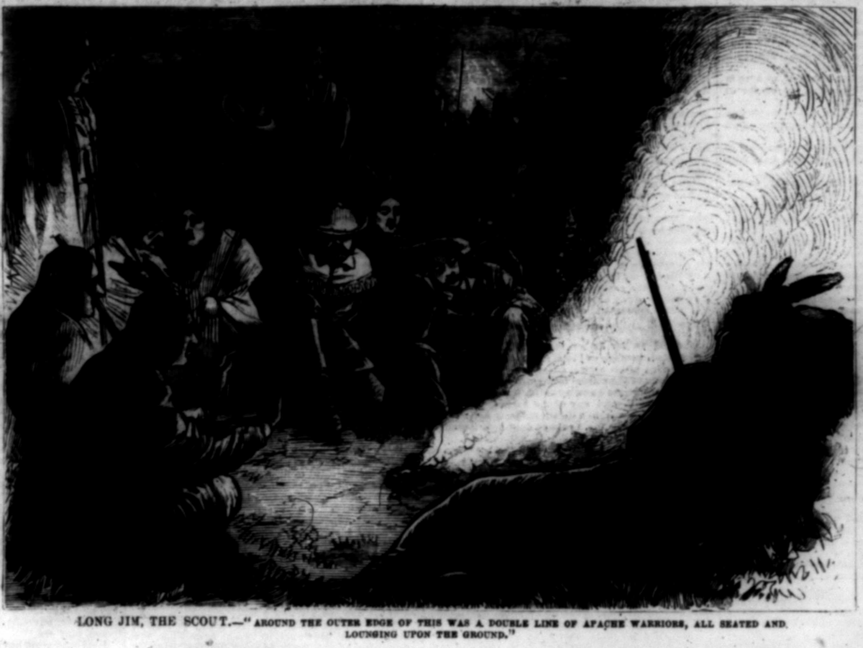
Soundings were now taken frequently, but the steamer was still in deep water, and this continued until they were within a quarter of a mile of the shore, when it began to shoal rapidly. The engines were stopped, and as the water was perfectly smooth, it was determined to send a boat ashore to reconnoitre, while an anchor was run out.

Sam begged to be taken along, and as he promised not to play any more tricks, the boat's party was made up—besides four stout seamen—of the three captains and two lieutenants—Jasper and De Vergne and Sam.

The sailors pulled steadily for the quarter of a mile, and the commander seeing a small cove which seemed to offer a good landing-place, steered in that direction, and in a few moments the bow of the boat grated on the shore, and Sam leaped on



THE CHUMS AT HARVARD COLLEGE.—"TWO BLOWS, DEALT IN SUCCESSION, A YELL OF APPROBATION ON THE PART OF THE INDIGNANT CROWD, AND RADWAY MORRICE AND HIS ACCOMPLICE WERE 'LAID OUT' BEYOND CHANCE OF FLIGHT."—SEE PAGE 116.



LONG JIM, THE SCOUT.—"AROUND THE OUTER EDGE OF THIS WAS A DOUBLE LINE OF APACHE WARRIORS, ALL SEATED AND LOUNGING UPON THE GROUND."

land with the painter and held the boat till the others were out.

The sailors were left in charge, and the others walked up the beach to explore. They were all well armed, but there seemed to be nothing in view to give occasion for the use of firearms.

After walking a short distance they turned a little to the right—for no reason in particular—Sam keeping ahead, as usual.

In a few moments the others heard him exclaim, and hurrying their steps, joined him to find him at the head of a second cove or small bay, which made into the land a little way above the one in which their boat was lying.

Sam was gazing intently at something, and as the others came up, he pointed down to the water.

The object at which he was looking was the remains of a curiously-shaped boat. It was all in pieces, having evidently been broken and dashed about at some period long before, as its sides were moss-grown, and little shells like barnacles were clinging to it.

"That's one of those canoes that tried to get aboard of us, with those red Indians," said Sam.

"That's so," said Captain Wortendyke; "there is the very model—high and sharp-pointed at both ends. Some of those chaps have got here before us, but it's been a good while ago."

"It must have been a very long time," said Lieutenant De Vergne; "for in this atmosphere it would take months, and I guess years, for a boat to get in that condition."

Sam had continued his walk, and now shouted for them to join him. He was a dozen yards or so back from the shore, mounted on a little hillock, and the rest hurried toward him.

Sam was not alone.

Standing before him, and quietly regarding the lad, was an old man with gray hair, but whose face was without the appearance of a beard or mustache.

He was copper-colored, his dress was a long robe made of some white material like muslin, folded about him. It could be seen at a glance that he was of the same race as those from whom Sam had recently been rescued.

"That's the chap that came over in the boat," said Sam, quietly, as the others approached.

The old man looked at the group, evidently with surprise, but displaying no signs of fear.

Remembering his recent experience, Sam extended his hand.

The old man looked at it, and then at Sam, inquiringly.

Then the boy offered his hand to Captain Wortendyke, who seized it, and shook it warmly, and the stranger, evidently understanding that this was a mode of salutation, hesitated no longer, but grasped Sam's palm when he again extended it, and his face seemed to express gratification.

Captain Wortendyke now addressed him, not in the least expecting that he would be understood, but desiring to hear his voice.

"Old friend," he said, "you must be a stranger in these parts, as we are? I suppose you came here long ago in that boat?" and he pointed in the direction of the stranded canoe.

To his utter amazement, and that of all the party, the old man answered him, and in English.

"You are right; I came here very long ago, many years, and I was a stranger."

"Why, by Jingo, he talks English!" cried Sam.

The stranger smiled.

"Here all languages are alike," he said.

"Do you mean that you can understand all languages?" inquired Lieutenant De Vergne.

"I do."

Immediately the lieutenant addressed him in French, and was responded to at once in that language, and with as pure an accent as his own.

"And could you understand French and English when you first came here, and speak them?" asked the commander.

"No, and not for a long time. It is the peculiarity of this region, or one of them. But it takes time to develop it."

"And do you live here alone?"

"No; the natives live here."

"And who are the natives, and where are they?" continued the commander of the *Jeannette*.

"They are a race of beings superior to mine and to yours. They live further inland," and he waved his hand in that direction.

"And how did you come here?"

"I left my home many years ago, to escape being sacrificed. My boat was taken by the current after I had paddled it a long distance, and was brought here, where I was found by some of the inhabitants. Since then I have lived here, but not with them. I am not of a race sufficiently civilized for that. Perhaps you may be."

"Where is your home?"

"About two hundred miles from here, as you count it."

"The country with a great city, and people dressed in feathers?" asked Captain Wortendyke.

"And where there is an altar on a hill, and a big pile of bones and ashes?" added Sam.

"Yes, that is my home."

"Well," observed Captain St. Clair, "as Terence would say, if he were here, 'this bates Banagher! I'm not sure whether I'm awake or not.'"

"There is nothing surprising about me," said the old man. "Wait until you see the natives of this country."

"And how are we to see them?"

"How did you get here?"

"In a ship—a steamship, which lies just outside, yonder."

"Go back to your ship. I will communicate with the natives, and they will let you know if you can meet them."

"How?" inquired the commander.

"In their own way. By this time they know all about you."

"But they cannot have seen us without our discovering them. This place is low ground, and we should certainly have observed them."

"They are many miles away from here, yet they know everything that takes place in their dominions as soon it happens."

"They must have a telegraph," said Sam, laughing.

"This whole atmosphere is a telegraph," replied the old man, looking at Sam intently, and the boy drew back in terror.

"By-the-way," said Captain Wortendyke, "we have one of your race with us."

The old man started, and showed some emotion.

"I felt it," he said. "I have been here long enough to begin to reach the second stage in this life. The first is a knowledge of language, the second the power to understand what is passing, without seeing or hearing it. I am so far advanced that I felt the presence near me of one of my race. It is a girl, is it not?"

"Yes," said Captain Wortendyke; "she calls herself Tolula."

The old man trembled.

"She is nearly related to me. I would like to see her."

"If you will come with us in our boat you can see her," said the commander.

"I will go."

Nothing more was said, and as the others turned to retrace their steps to the shore the strange old man followed them.

They entered the boat, the sailors greatly surprised at seeing a new passenger, and recognizing by his appearance that he was one of the same people whom they had so recently helped to a watery grave.

On reaching the steamer all on board were, of course, greatly interested in the addition to the party.

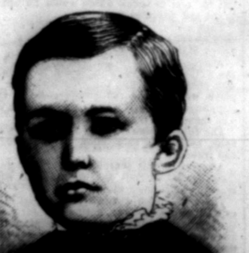
Tolula was below in the cabin, and Mrs. St. Clair went at once in search of her, and brought her on deck.

On seeing the old man the girl was strangely moved. She had already been taught a few words of English by Emmeline, and turning to the latter, she said, pointing toward him, "He same me," and she touched herself with one finger.

The old man at once spoke to her in her own language, and they conversed for some moments.

[To be continued.]

"Topey-Turvy" was commenced in No. 466.



THOMAS A. BARRETT, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 16, WILSON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

THOMAS A. BARRETT,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 16, WILSON STREET, BROOKLYN (E. D.), N. Y.

THOMAS A. BARRETT is a boy of striking intelligence and perseverance in study, for one of his age. We found him busy with his lessons in class A Second, of Grammar School No. 16, Wilson Street, between Lee and Bedford Avenues, Brooklyn (E. D.), N. Y. He was born in Brooklyn, September 25th, 1866, making him thirteen years of age. He is the son of John and Mary Barrett. When six years old he entered the Primary Department of No. 16, and he has never attended any other school. After completing the lower studies, one day—and it was a proud one for him—he was promoted to the grammar department. He was obliged to go to another part of the building, and at first everything seemed strange to him. Soon, however, he was in the same eager pursuit of knowledge in his new books as in the old ones, and when the first examination came he passed it with great credit. Patiently and quietly he has gone on from class to class, until he is now in the advanced branches. He is modest in his manners, and has a large head with an amiable face. His teachers are always much interested in him, and, indeed, he is popular with all persons. An example to his whole class in both deportment and diligence, he is worthy to be offered as such to boys generally.

JESSIE Y. DAVIES,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 4, RYERSON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

JESSIE Y. DAVIES is a most interesting and improving pupil of Grammar School No. 4., Ryerson Street, near Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Her per centage was one hundred, and her deportment was equally good. She was born in Brooklyn, April 17th, 1863, and is therefore sixteen years of age. She is the daughter of Thomas and C. Davies. She attended school at Yonkers and Matteawan, and finally entered No. 4., in Brooklyn, in the class of the fourth grammar grade. We received a good report of her from all the classes, and especially in the first, of which she was then a member. Among her accomplishments is great proficiency in penmanship. Her teachers found it very pleasant to instruct her in the different branches. She has not only a strong but a constantly enlarging interest, and goes from book to book and branch to branch with an earnest penetration and eager ambition. No task is too difficult and no patience is ever wanting, but a true struggle is made for a clear and lasting understanding of the subjects. She has a pleasant face and refined manners. Her schooldays have been happy days, but they have been devoted strictly to duty. Looking back, she has to regret no misspent time, and, judging her by this past, it is the opinion of her teachers that, looking back at any time to come, she will find it not less a record of useful days.

LONG JIM, THE SCOUT;

Or,

The Death Valley of the Apaches.

By HENRY R. BRISBANE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

LONE WOLF'S HEADQUARTERS—A DESPAIRING PARTY.

JAKE Hart, the renegade, was in that condition that he could not do justice to his feelings.

He was angered by the words of the prisoner, uttered with such seeming seriousness; but he was frightened as well.

The result was the conclusion that he was not extracting as much entertainment from the interview as he expected.

He therefore turned about and joined the other two warriors, to whom he gave orders that the march should be resumed. The mounting speedily followed, and the same general course was taken that had been pursued since the capture.

As Inez feared, the abominated renegade persisted in placing himself beside her, while her friend was put between the two Indians, as before. There was nothing in the face of the country by which either of the captives could recognize their locality.

Dick thought at one time that they were close to the hill where they separated from Colonel Melville, but a nearer approach showed him his mistake.

The afternoon was well along when Jake Hart, who had been silent and sullen during most of the time, said something to one of the Apaches in a voice so low that no one else heard it.

The warrior instantly dashed ahead to the top of a high hill, his whole manner showing that he had gone forward to make an observation.

He could be seen as he reined up his steed and attentively scanned the horizon, while those whom he left behind as attentively scanned him.

He appeared to have discovered something, for he made a gesture with one hand, wheeled about and dashed back to where the renegade was awaiting him.

A few words passed between the two, and then the route of the party was changed, so as to lead toward the hill which he had just vacated.

When the highest point was reached the whites looked ahead and saw what undoubtedly caused the change in their course.

The country spread out before them was greatly changed from that over which they had been riding for the last few hours.

It was broken by hills, many of which rose to the dignity of mountains in the far background.

There was a great deal of wood, rocks, and irregularities of surface, such as would make a stranger hesitate about advancing further on horseback.

About two miles away, directly toward the west, was seen a large column of smoke, showing that a big camp-fire was burning there.

Little doubt but there was a numerous party of Apaches there, and the thought occurred to Inez that it was the headquarters of Lone Wolf, the leader of them all.

While the little company remained idle for a few minutes, looking toward the suggestive sight, one of the Apaches placed his hands beside his mouth and gave utterance to a peculiar whoop, which was heard echoing for a long distance among the hills and ravines.

In a few seconds a similar response came back, varied just enough to show that it was not an echo.

The signal having been given and answered, the renegade was satisfied, and the journey was resumed, this time straight downward among the broken land, with its hills, gullies and dense growth of lumber in many places.

Toward whatever point they were making their way the route was familiar to both the redskins and the white foe, for they advanced without the least hesitation.

Dick Harrod saw that they were following a well-marked trail, over which horses had passed very recently.

He began to believe they were nearing an important gathering-place of the Apaches.

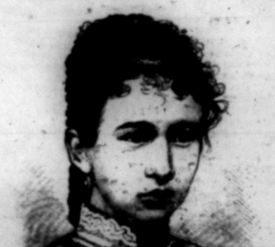
The two warriors who had him in charge talked together continually, and showed considerable excitement.

The renegade, too, glanced at him several times, with such an exulting expression on his countenance that its meaning could not be mistaken.

The lover managed to say a word or two to Inez, and found that her anticipations were the same as his own. He admonished her to keep up good spirits, as the end could not be far off.

The suspicions of the captives were correct, as was speedily proven.

While they were yet a short distance off, they



JESSIE Y. DAVIES, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 4, RYERSON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

were met by two other Indians, who spoke a few words to their comrades, and then the march, if such it may be called, was kept up until they reached the encampment of Lone Wolf.

The sight that met the lovers was of the most terrifying description, and so unexpected that both were speechless for a few minutes.

In a clearing measuring one-fourth of an acre in extent was burning a large camp-fire, the smoke of which could be seen miles away.

Around the outer edge of this was a double line of Apache warriors, all seated and lounging upon the ground.

They must have numbered nearly a hundred of the bravest of that warlike tribe, and all were fully armed.

Their mustangs were some distance away, eating grass while the chance was given them.

Among this formidable array of warriors the figure of Lone Wolf would have been recognized at once.

There were plenty larger and more impressive, physically, than he, for, as our readers have learned long since, he is below the medium stature, with a low, ugly forehead, a slouching, stooping form, and a face deeply pitted with smallpox.

But there was then, as there is to-day, something in the appearence and manner of the man which is not susceptible of description, but which would mark him as something extraordinary and beyond those of his kind.

> "With voice like patient Job's, eschewing evil,
> With motions graceful as a bird in air,
> Thou art in truth the veriest devil
> That e'er clinched fingers in a captive's hair."

Such, in a degree, was the war party of Apaches gathered round to watch the arrival of the prisoners.

But the sight described was not the one that so affected the lovers as they rode up.

In the clearing near the camp-fire, and surrounded by the Apaches, was a group of white prisoners, all seated on the ground, with their arms tied behind them.

The first figure recognized was that of Colonel Melville, whose back was partly toward them, so that they did not see him for a minute or two after their arrival.

Near the colonel sat his son Ned, leaning over upon his hand, as if wearied in body as well as in mind.

But most wonderful of all, a short distance away, but separated from each other so as to prevent them holding converse, were descried the scouts, Long Jim Shafto and Mickey O'Rooney.

And now Dick Harrod and Inez Melville had come to keep them company in their brief and helpless captivity.

Here they were, the whole party, excepting Pomp, each meeting the other in the last place in the world he desired to see him.

Lone Wolf was triumphant at last.

What though Colonel Bailey had driven him from the front of Fort Sheridan and convinced him that it was impossible to take it, yet he had his sweet revenge.

Melville Ranch had been destroyed so entirely that it would never be rebuilt again.

He had wreaked vengeance on many settlers who were unable to escape the sweep of his warriors.

He had stirred up dissatisfaction and war among the Apaches, Comanches and Kioways of the southwest, and blood was sure to flow like water before the slowly moving United States cavalry could compel them to make a halt again.

If he had failed in the capture of the fort, Lone Wolf had done an irreparable damage to the border in the capture of the two scouts that were known as the most valuable and effective at that day in the entire southwest.

When it should become known to the military authorities that he, Lone Wolf, had done all this, he was sure the great father at Washington would hasten to make a new treaty with the tribes of the southwestern border, giving them all they demanded.

The meeting between Colonel Melville and his daughter was of the most affecting character.

Lone Wolf allowed his prisoners considerable latitude, and even went so far as to loose the bonds of the colonel and his son, so as to relieve them of physical restraint in the interview between the members of the family.

It must not be conceded that he was governed by any principles of mercy or consideration in doing this. He was brute enough to enjoy the scene, which would have brought tears to the eyes of almost any other spectator.

The father embraced his weeping daughter, and held her in his arms for some minutes, like one who feared to let her go, lest he should never see her again.

Ned strove manfully to keep back the tears, but it was impossible, and for several minutes the three did nothing but weep in silence.

Taking advantage of the temporary confusion resulting from this scene, Mickey O'Rooney shifted his position, so as to bring him close enough to Long Jim to allow them to speak to each other.

Both turned their heads away from the mournful picture, but a not unnatural fascination caused them to look back again.

In very desperation the Irishman essayed to get off some off his odd expressions, but he broke down in the effort and sobbed like a child.

Crying was something to which Long Jim was not accustomed, but in some respects his heart was as tender as that of a child, and after swallowing the lump in his throat for a time he gave way, and drops coursed down his cheeks like rain.

"I've seed some bad things in this world," said he, when he was able, in a degree, to regain control of his feelings, "but I never yet looked on anything that cut so deep as that."

"I agrees wid ye," responded Mickey. "A spalpeen like me could stand more nor one sich a sight in a lifetime. Worrah, worrah, whin I lift owld Ireland I never dramed that I should come to Ameriky to have me feelings harrered like this. And whisth, Jim, do ye say that spalpeen that jist come in wid the gal and her feller? *Look at him there!* I blush to think he belongs to the same race that you and me do."

"That's Jake Harf," said Long Jim, seizing the opportunity to create a diversion in their gloomy thoughts; "he's jist as cruel as Lone Wolf, and he hain't half the courage, and he's worse, for he's turned ag'in his own people for the evil deeds that he done himself."

While these words were passing, the subject of them, the renegade, walked to where Lone Wolf was sitting on the ground, and shook hands with him.

While one was a coward and the other a courageous demon, there were enough points in common to draw them together with an attraction like that which exists between affectionate brethren.

Having shaken hands, Harf sat down beside the chief, and gathering his arms over his knees, he began talking with him in the liveliest way, their looks at the group of father, son and daughter showing that they were enjoying the scene of sorrow.

The sight and the certainty that they were gazing with pleasure upon the grief of the stricken ones so filled the two scouts with anger that, had the means been in their possession, they would have riddled him with bullets, or carved him to pieces with their knives.

They expected such demoniac exultation from Lone Wolf, for he was a born human wolf, but it was so unnatural in one of their own race that they could find no palliation for it.

Jake Harf was all unconscious of the indignation he had excited in the breasts of these brave men. Had he known it, he would have been glad, for it was his nature to enjoy any suffering inflicted upon his race no matter in what form.

Colonel Melville spoke a few cheering words to Ned and Inez, commending them to look to heaven for sustenance in this terrible affliction, and then with the loftiest kind of courage he told them to sit down upon the earth and to show the Apaches that they had as much bravery as they.

It was understood, of course, that Inez would probably be spared, but that lessened the grief not the least.

Inez did as her father requested, and she and Ned seated themselves at his feet, where they were within reach of his hands, and where they meant to cling so long as their cruel tormentors would permit.

Long Jim, whose knowledge of the country was more thorough than any of his friends, told them that they were within a dozen miles, if not less, of Auka-Yata, where the Apaches doubtless intended to take them for execution.

Neither he nor Mickey suspected the baseness of the renegade, Jake Harf, who meant to save Inez from the rest that he might compel her to become his wife.

Had they known this, they could not have restrained their fury. It would have found vent in some desperate deed, the end of which must have been the precipitation of the calamity now impending.

It was natural that two such brave characters as the scouts should cling to life as long as there was any hope; and they were the ones to discuss questions of escape to the last minute.

The fact that they never alluded to such a thing showed that they had given up all hope.

Whence should deliverance come?

They were all there, excepting Pomp, who was of no more account than a child, so that not one could work or scheme for the other.

Had one of the scouts been away, and free to scheme and contrive, there might have been a desperate chance.

The only source whence they could look for human help under the most favorable circumstances would be Fort Sheridan.

But had the whole garrison sallied forth to the rescue of the captives, they could have accomplished nothing at all.

Lone Wolf had his sentinels stationed at every point of the compass, and they would not fail to give timely notice of the approach of any reinforcements, no matter whither they came.

Besides this, Colonel Bailey's force was so weak that he would not have risked them upon such a venture where the probabilities were that they would be cut off and massacred wholesale, as was the case at Fort Phil Kearney some years afterward.

So under no possible contingency was there anything to be hoped for from that source.

And then where else could they look?

Nowhere.

There was a feeling in the hearts of all that prevented their murmuring over what seemed like an abandonment by Providence of them.

It was terrible indeed, but no one repined.

Death must come to all sooner or later, and what mattered a few years' difference in the departure of friends and relatives?

By such and similar thoughts as these they endeavored to encourage themselves at the near approach of the final dissolution.

There was a certain formality that remained for Lone Wolf.

It was his custom when he had any prisoners intended for Auka-Yata to go through the form of a trial, and to pass judgment upon them.

This ceremony of course was the merest mockery, but it was one of the characteristics of this curse of the Texan border.

Somewhere, probably at one of the posts, he had seen the military trials and court-martial, and the fancy had struck him that it would be a good thing too for his prisoners.

Perhaps he gained the idea that these courts were "organized to convict," as the expression goes, and the result was the same in his own proceedings of that nature.

It was not considered necessary in Lone Wolf's trials that the accused should know anything of or be given an opportunity to reply to the charges upon which they were tried.

When everything was ready the trial began.

At one end of the group were gathered a dozen of the principal warriors, with Lone Wolf as the leader and Jake Harf as his assistant.

They were so grouped together and so far away from the accused that the latter could not hear what passed, except in the single instance of the proclaiming of the charge and in the rendering of the verdict.

This part being assumed by Jake Harf, he did it in such a voice that all understood what he said.

The first gentleman who was placed on trial was Colonel Melville, accused of erecting a residence among the hunting-grounds belonging to the Apaches, of maintaining it there in the face of repeated warnings to leave, and killing a number of the best warriors belonging to Lone Wolf.

Then followed the consultation among the members of the court, conducted in tones loud enough to be heard only by those who participated therein.

This lasted but a short time, when the verdict was announced.

Death in Auka-Yata.

The next culprit was Ned, the son of the former, charged with aiding and abetting his father in his nefarious schemes.

The verdict was announced the same as before.

The third was Dick Harrod, accused of coming into the Indian country without permission from the lawful owners thereof, and with murdering several of the braves who attacked him.

The inference of which was that no man was doing right in defending his life against his assailants, if so be they belonged to the Apache people.

It took but a short time for the verdict to be reached.

When Jake Harf announced it, he did it with an unction which showed that it was one of the most pleasant duties of his life.

He was condemned to keep the company of the two already sentenced to meet their doom in the death valley of the Apaches.

Then came Long Jim, against whom there was a formidable indictment. He had been one of the most virulent enemies of the red men for many years. He had sought to do them harm in every way conceivable. He had spent days and weeks and months in trailing them, in shooting down their truest men, in showing the soldiers the way to their fastnesses, and bringing their numerous schemes to naught.

Had the Apaches the power, they would have sentenced him to a score of deaths in Auka-Yata. They evidently regretted that he had but one life to offer in expiation for his numerous offences against the laws of the offended redskins.

Succeeding him was the Irishman, Mickey O'Rooney, who was considered as only differing in degree. He had not possessed the opportunities of doing the red men so much harm as his more experienced companion. But a tenth part would have been sufficient to send him to the same doom.

While this fearful mockery was under way, none of those principally concerned said a word, nor did they manifest the least interest in the charge or the verdict.

All knew too well what it was to be. There was not the element of doubt or the least uncertainty to recommend it to their attention.

But when, last of all, Inez Melville was placed, figuratively speaking, upon the stand, there was a general turning of heads and a desire to see in what way she would be disposed of.

The charge against her was certainly a novel one, being that she was the daughter of Colonel Melville.

It would seem that even a savage might have conceded that she was scarcely to be held responsible for the accident of birth.

The consultation that followed was a long and seemingly an earnest one, and the conclusion was in keeping with it all.

She was condemned to the same death as the others, but the great and magnanimous Lone Wolf, who knew how to temper his justice with mercy, was graciously pleased to forego the extreme penalty which she had incurred, and to order that, instead of suffering death, she was to be adopted into the Apache tribe as one of their maidens.

The trial was ended, and it only remained to carry the decrees into execution.

The day was drawing to a close, and as quite a long ride was necessary to reach Auka-Yata, the preparations were made to start for the place of execution.

Within the succeeding half-hour the entire company, including the condemned prisoners, were mounted, and the line of journey was taken in the direction of Auka-Yata, the famed Death Valley of the Apaches.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

INTO THE DEATH VALLEY.

THE memory of that ride of the whites to the Death Valley of the Apaches could not fade though they should live a thousand years.

It was growing dark when they set out, and before they had gone two miles night was fully upon them.

All the condemned had been bound again, so they were not tempted to make the most desperate effort to get away.

It seemed to have been the intention of Lone Wolf to leave Inez behind, but she requested that she might be allowed, as a last favor, to go with her father, brother and lover.

The permission really came from Jake Harf, who was looked upon by Lone Wolf and the others as the special guardian of the maiden.

The condemned rode in a group, side by side, in the centre of the company, with the Apaches all around them.

"Have ye iver been in the Death Valley?" asked Mickey O'Rooney of Long Jim, when they had ridden some distance in silence.

"Many a time."

"Have ye iver observed any executions there?"

"Only once."

"Give me the 'ticulars of that, for I'm in want of some cheerful conversation to cheer me on the way, which is the remark that the man made when he was going to his own wedding."

"I s'pose I might have seed more ef I had wanted to, but once was enough for me. I've knowed whar the place was for a dozen years, and have rid by it many a time. It was nigh ten years ago that I was down in these parts on a scout with Kit Carson, when, as we was making toward different p'ints, we had to separate, and when I had rid a mile or so I seed sign of some of the varmints, and I pulled up and kept shady for a while.

"Bime-by I seed thar was a party of the Apaches that seem to have such a love for this part of the world, and they had three captives with 'em. I s'pected what they war arter, and I follered and watched powerful close, I can tell you.

"Nothin' would have pleased 'em better than to have got their paws on to me, so that I could have kept the poor wretches company."

"Was all three of 'em men?" asked Mickey, who was desirous of prolonging the story, so that it would draw his thoughts away from his own fate, even while it pictured the doom awaiting them all.

"No; one of 'em was a woman, and the others I jedged were her husband and his or her brother. They all rid down into the valley, each with thar hands fastened behind 'em jist like you and me, till they got down in the part whar the stop was made——"

"How many of the Apaches were there?"

"Over twenty—too many for me to try and do anything for the captives, though if I had Kit Carson with me we would have made a little music for 'em.

"Wal, they rid down as I war saying into the the valley, and when they reached the spot the three was took off thar mustangs and tied to the death-trees. Then—wal, you know the rest."

"No, I don't, either; do ye tell me."

The scout lowered his voice so that none of the others should overhear his dreadful words.

"Wal, the thing ain't very nice to tell or to talk 'bout, atween you and me that has seed some bad sights. They war tied so fast they couldn't move, and thar heads raised up as high as they could, so as to give the Indians a chance, and then they cut thar heads off with thar tomahawks."

"It must have been an awful sight, Jim," said the Irishman, in a subdued voice. "But then the suffering ain't like many other deaths these spalpeens have a weakness for. Atweeen you and me, Jim, I'd rather go under that way than by a dozen plans that the haythen have."

"So would I, though thar's something in the way in which they shove you under that sends a shiver down your back; and then the ride down to Auka-Yata—why, it gives a feller the shivers jist to think of it."

"When ye were down in the hole what did ye obsarve?"

"Do you mean to ax what sort of a place it is?"

"That's the idee; I want to impriss it on me memory, so that whin, in after years, the relations and descendants of our family make their pilgrimages to the spot to see whar the bones of the greatest O'Rooney of them all is lying in his last proud sleep, I shall know that I won't be ashamed to have 'em make the journey, as it were."

The precise reason for the request was not clear to the scout, but he could not refuse his old friend.

"The place is such a queer one that the sunlight seems never to find its way thar. It was near noon that I druv my horse thar, and it was almost like night. The walls on each side are bare and high, and sorter come closer together toward the top, and then you know that the valley ends thar—a thing you don't often see."

"I didn't know that," said Mickey; "that ain't the way with valleys, as a gineral rule."

"No, this goes a little way further, so that when you ride in, thar ain't any way for you to ride out ag'in, except by turnin' squar 'bout and takin' the back trail. I've no doubt that that's the way a good many folks have been cotched. They've been ridin' away from the 'Paches, and thought thar was a good chance to give 'em the slip by diving in thar, and when it was too late have found out that thar was no path for 'em to git out ag'in. It's a reg'lar trap, that has cotched a good many folks."

"How 'bout the trees, Jim?"

"Thar's a half dozen of 'em, and that's what's the awfullest thing about it. All them trees are big, and they have been dead a good many years. There ain't no bark onto 'em, and they ain't rotted, but they are as dry and hard as a rock. They're seasoned, as you may say: and, Mickey," said Long Jim, sinking his voice still lower, "thar's whar the sight is one that would make you shudder, and that would haunt you for nights, jist as I sometimes dream 'bout it now."

"Well, why don't you tell me what it is?"

"Whar they've cut off the heads of the captives they've dented the trunks. Thar are dents from away down, no higher than your knee; and what does that show, Mickey?"

"Nothing new to you and me; we've always knowed that they would kill babies and old people, and in fact, anybody at all—that's the kind of spalpeens they are."

"So they must have tied little babies up thar and clipped thar heads off. Then the dents go all the way up to six feet, the most being atween that and four, the average height of a man or woman. And right at one place whar it ain't more than six inches breadth, the dents into the trees run four, five, six or seven inches. I've laid my two hands into them gaps. What does that show, Mickey?"

"That there must have been a good many of the poor prisoners that bade good-by to the world from that spot."

"Thar can't be any mistake on that p'int, for the signs are thar. They have been chopped to death by the scores and hundreds. Kit Carson, who knows as much 'bout the 'Paches as any ten men alive, told me that the varmints had took fifty prisoners at a time into Auka-Yata, and they never came back again."

"What becomes of the bones?"

"That's something I didn't understand till Kit told me how it was. After the bodies have been left thar a while, some of the varmints come and take away what is left, so that a stranger might ride into the very place without knowing or seeing anything to tell him that any wrong had been going on there."

"How do they manage when they have more captives than they have trees, which must often be the case, from what ye observed to me a little while since?"

"They've got to take thar turn, of course. Thar's two trees that they use more than all the others, and that will be the way this time. Thar will be two tied up and shoved under at the same time."

"Who do ye s'pose they will be likely to open the performance wid?"

"The fust two that they scooped in yesterday."

"That's you and me, and from the way they gobbled us up they orter do something of the kind with us, though it would be more playsant if the first dose of medicine we had to take wasn't quite so heavy. I'm thinking it would agree wid us the better."

Notwithstanding the pains which the scouts took to prevent themselves being overheard, the stillness was such that Colonel Melville and his children frequently caught the words that passed between them.

The listeners said nothing, for their hearts were too full for utterance, and they preferred to keep silent rather than say anything to each other.

After the sentences given the scouts spoke for a while longer on the same subject, but it was fast becoming a task for each, and insensibly their words became fewer, until they ceased altogether.

Even then the colonel remained silent for a while longer, for it seemed to him that there was nothing left for him to speak which would be appropriate to the sad occasion.

Thus matters stood, while the night wore on, and they steadily approached the Auka Yata, the death-valley of the Apaches.

Already the face of the country had changed for the worse, and Ned, who, it will be remembered, was once carried into the confines of the horrible place, was sure he recognized some of their surroundings, though it was as dark now as when he was there more than a year before.

The colonel himself judged that they were quite near, basing his calculation on the distance they had traveled.

After all, it was scarcely the thing to go thus to their deaths without the utterance of something more than had been said.

There had been weeping on the part of himself, as well as his children, during the early stages of the journey, but their grief had spent itself in that direction, and though their sorrow was that deep that nothing could increase it, yet the point of tears was passed, and every eye was dry.

"Lone Wolf has decreed that you shall be spared and adopted among his people," said the father, speaking to Inez; "but, of course, you can never content yourself there. The first opportunity you can get you will seize and leave him."

The daughter felt like saying that she could only wish that she might die with her beloved father and brother, but she knew the boon would be denied her, and she knew, too, that to give expression to the prayer would only intensify his distress.

"My dear father," said she, commanding herself as best she could, while she reached out her hand and rested it on his knee, "I will do that which I think would please you if you were alive and with me."

"I might have known that, without saying what I did. I feel very hopeful that you will not be compelled to remain long with these people, who must always be the most obnoxious beings on earth to you. When you succeed in getting off, you will make your way back to New Orleans, where you will find provision for your comfort and support for the remainder of your life. Davega, my banker, is a friend whom you can trust to the fullest extent. He has charge of my funds, and he has my will also in his possession. It is a comfort to me to know that I have done my duty in *that* respect."

It was awful to hear her parent talk thus calmly of his approaching doom, and worse than all, to maintain her calmness and take her part in the same.

Inez was surprised at her own strength in this respect, but no one can know the burdens the heart can bear until the trial is made.

"I will remember all that you tell me," she responded, in the same even, natural tone.

"Ned," said he, "haven't you anything that you would like to say to your sister?"

"Not yet—not yet," he replied, hastily, conscious of his weakness, and desirous of putting off the terrible trial to the last minute.

"Very well; we have some little distance to travel further, and I am sure you will be given the opportunity."

"I couldn't—st—stand it just now," said the brother, faintly, and in a choking voice.

"There's Dick," added the colonel, with a delicacy of feeling which was highly creditable to him; "I have no doubt he would be glad to hear a few words from you."

It had been in her mind for the last ten minutes to make the request of her parent, but a singular hesitation held her back.

Now when he suggested it himself she availed herself of the chance without delay.

The mustang of Inez was but a few feet in advance of that of her lover, and she tightened the rein until they were side by side.

Dick Harrod was able to catch the last words of Colonel Melville, so that he knew what the action of the girl meant, even if his heart had failed to tell him.

He had much that he would have liked to say, but he waited for her to begin, so as to give him a chance to reply.

It was the same with Inez, who was justified in believing that it was really the place of Dick to give utterance to the thoughts that were welling up in his heart.

There were a few minutes of painful silence, during which each waited for the other to speak the first word.

Feeling that, after all, it was incumbent upon him to open the distressing subject, Dick endeavored to do so, in tones less serious than the occasion demanded.

"We have had many pleasant excursions on horseback together, Inez, but I scarcely think——"

The conversation ended before it was fairly introduced.

All the captives, with the exception of the scouts, supposed, up to this moment, that they were a mile or two distant from the Death Valley, when, in truth, they were already within it!

They had been traversing its dismal confines for the last half-hour, and were now so near the death trees that the Apaches came to a halt to make their final preparations.

This stop apprised the captives of the true condition of the case, and there was a breathless silence on the part of all.

The action of the Indians was unexpected, and such as can scarcely be understood, unless on the supposition that they were desirous of avoiding the affecting scenes of the final parting between the different friends.

Immediately on making the halt a number rode their horses between those of the prisoners in such a way that they were separated, and the whites were placed so far apart that communication was impossible, except by speaking in a loud voice.

The solemnity of the occasion prevented any doing this.

The shock was a great one to all, and the deprivation of hearing the last words was of such deep anguish that it cannot be imagined.

But among the five men and one woman there was none that "weakened."

If the Indians around them knew how to be brave and stoical, the whites were not less so.

They could show Lone Wolf and his warriors that the Caucasian of both sexes were as proud and heroic as they.

Not a word, therefore, was said as this outrage was perpetrated.

As soon as the separation took place, the mustangs started forward again, and when they halted the second time the journey was at an end.

Within the next five minutes the men were off their steeds and led forward to the trees.

The dark trunks were dimly visible in the gloom as they rose from the ground with their forked arms, devoid of every shred of vegetation, pointed toward the sky.

Ah! if they had tongues, what a story they could tell!

Inez remained on her steed, and the scene was one that ever afterward haunted her like the memory of some hideous dream.

The sudden cessation of the horses caused a silence almost as profound as that of the tomb.

The region was like the home of the lost.

Here seemed the retreat of the grisly king of terrors.

There was a dismal depth of gloom, a horrible oppressiveness, a suffocating, choking weight of woe that seemed enough to crush the life from one.

A man could almost fancy he detected a sulphurous smell in the murky atmosphere.

Walled in by darkness on every hand, the imagination made the spot outside and beyond the world and within the Plutonian regions of the accursed.

But the hand moved along the dial.

The time had come.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH.

THE crisis had arrived. At this terrible moment, when the breath of all was suspended, as if in obedience to the awful oppressiveness of the place and occasion, a voice, loud, low, and solemn to the last degree, was heard.

"Let Lone Wolf beware! The Great Spirit is angry with him for that which he would do!"

These words were uttered in English, but most of the Apaches present understood them.

No one could say from what point they came.

They sounded as if from the air above their heads.

No one stirred.

A spell rested upon all, the captive as well as the free.

Again rolled out the dreadful, sonorous voice:

"Let Lone Wolf beware! The Great Spirit is angry with him for that which he would do!"

As the echoes lingered in the air a figure was seen suddenly to rise on the rocks which overlooked the death valley.

All recognized it at once.

It was the well-known form of the Phantom of the Prairie!

Still captive and free stirred not, nor did they speak.

They were held inthralled by the spell of terror, that descended like a pall.

"Let Lone Wolf beware! The Great Spirit is angry with him for that which he would do!"

All eyes were centred on the figure of the phantom, and looking thus they saw that its lips moved not.

Whoever uttered the strange warning, it certainly was not the apparition.

Colonel Melville, perhaps, was the only one among the spectators who retained anything like his senses, and he perceived that the phantom said not a word.

The latter appeared more terrible than ever before.

Beside the luminous, misty light which seemed to emanate from every portion of his figure, there was observed, as plain as human eye ever beheld anything, a stream of fire issuing from his mouth, illuminating his entire visage.

"Remain where you are," said the colonel, in a voice just loud enough for his friends to catch; "no matter what happens, *stay where you are!*"

No reply was made to this, and he durst not repeat it.

Then came a bustling movement among the Apaches.

Lone Wolf and his warriors were making ready to leave.

But there was one among them who was not frightened, though naturally a greater coward than the weakest.

It was Jake Harf, the renegade.

"Don't be scared," he called out; "it is one of their tricks! There's nothing in it! I'll show there isn't!"

His stentorian appeal seemed likely to check the panic, and possibly might have done so, but for a piece of extraordinary cunning on the part of Colonel Melville.

"Look at the Phantom of the Prairie," he called out, in as loud tones as were the words of the renegade; "he is coming after us!"

At that instant the apparition, with his face aflame, was seen to stoop down and begin descending the rocks to the death valley below.

It looked as if the movement was in response to the suggestion of Colonel Melville.

Simultaneous with the frightful action of the phantom came a groan of such horrid portent that it would have chilled the heart of the bravest man.

Colonel Melville, who was on the alert, was now able to tell the point from whence it came.

He knew of a certainty that the phantom was not the only friend they had in this place.

Mingled with the groan were several others.

These were made by Melville himself, in which he was assisted by Dick Harrod and Ned.

The scouts were too much frightened to take any part, had they known that their companions were assisting.

They could only sit and stare, and wonder whether it was all a dream or whether it was reality.

The phantom was carefully making his way down the rocks, which were so steeply shelving that the wonder was how he saved himself from falling.

"Don't run," appealed the renegade again to the Apaches; "there is nothing here that can hurt you. It is one of their tricks to get the whites away. Stand your ground, and we will have them all—the phantom, too—in a few minutes more."

But the sight of the apparition steadily making his way down the wall to where they were was more than they could stand.

The signs of the Apaches giving away increased.

Lone Wolf began edging his steed back, so that he could get the chance to dash out of the valley.

His movement was noted by the others, and they commenced imitating him.

The superstition of the redskins was excited to the highest point.

The blood-curdling groans deepened and increased, and there was an uncanny, weird air about the whole thing which would have required the strongest nerves to withstand.

Just as the stampede was assuming the shape of a panic, a voice came from the direction of one of the death-trees.

"Don't shoot Jake Harf; he is my man."

Colonel Melville recognized the tones, and answered:

"No danger; our hands are tied."

The renegade heard that voice also, and he suddenly imbibed the panic that had turned the heads of all the others.

He was mounted the same as they, and started to follow them.

His position was such that he was the last of all, so that he was easily distinguished in the gloom.

During these exciting seconds the scouts sat motionless on their horses in a sort of maze, not fairly comprehending what was passing around them.

All at once Long Jim Shalto felt something touch his hands, as if he was stricken lightly by some one.

He learned what it meant at the same instant, when his elbows and wrists fell apart.

A friend had cut the bonds.

"Can't you help us a bit?" asked a voice, which he failed to identify.

"Ef I had the tools I might, but I hain't so much as a toothpick."

"Never mind; from the shape things have taken you ain't needed."

About the same time some one clipped the thongs which held fast the arms of Mickey O'Rooney, and told him to do as he pleased.

"Begorrah, if yees would be kind enough to inthrodooce yerself, ye'd be doing me a great favor, and save me from exploding wid curiosity——"

But the figure to whom he appealed vanished in the gloom, and he shut down on his rather lengthy remark.

The rest of the whites were set free about the same time.

Events followed each other in such rapid succession that it is almost impossible to give an accurate idea of them.

Almost at the same moment that the strange voice called out that Jake Harf was not to be shot, the renegade Harf appeared to make up his mind that it was an appropriate date for him to take his departure.

As has been stated, he was at the last of the stampeding Apaches, and was easily recognizable as he galloped by where the captives were seated on their steeds.

Just as he passed Colonel Melville the latter heard something whiz through the air like the hiss of a serpent.

At the same instant a long, black line shot forward and over the head of Jake Harf, who was seen to roll from his horse immediately after.

Some person had lassoed him.

He fell heavily to the ground, and was heard to utter a fearful imprecation as he struggled to his feet, and tried to dash away in the darkness, his mustang having fled.

But there was another form beside him.

The man who held the lasso, and who had thrown it with such accuracy, had darted forward, while still retaining the thong, and instantly closed in with the renegade.

For a minute or two it looked doubtful whether the assailant of Jake Harf was to get the upper hand of him.

It appeared so doubtful, indeed, that Colonel Melville advanced, with the intention of interfering in the interest of the attacking party.

"Leave me alone," said the latter; "I can manage him."

As he spoke all heard a sharp click.

It was the sound made by locking a pair of handcuffs on the wrist of the renegade.

The villain was caught at last.

He struggled and writhed on the ground, cursing like a chafed pirate, and swearing all sorts of vengeance on the man who had seized him.

His struggles were so fearful that he speedily exhausted himself, and was compelled to lie still, breathing hard and glaring through the gloom at his masters like a wounded but helpless tiger.

By this time it began to work through the brains of the rest of the whites that friends had intervened, and they were well rid of Lone Wolf and his Apaches.

The hands of all were free, and Mickey O'Rooney and Long Jim were moving around in the gloom, in a subdued but anxious way, desirous of doing what was best, and yet so impressed by the unnatural nature of the events of the last few minutes that they were timid.

They said scarcely a word, but they used their eyes, and were ready for duty, so far as they could render service.

It will be remembered that the Phantom of the Prairie had begun descending the rocks into the death valley, in response to a sort of suggestion from Colonel Melville.

The two scouts, as well as the rest, expected to see him among them the next few seconds, but to their amazement he became invisible altogether as suddenly as he had appeared.

This was in keeping with the part he had played for several years past, and Jim and Mickey were glad, for the apparition was not the sort of company they relished.

Colonel Melville was the most astonished of all, for it was plain that he was looking for his coming.

More than that, he wanted him to come.

"Did you see what became of him?" he asked of his son Ned.

"Whom are you talking about?"

"The Phantom of the Prairie."

"I don't know anything about him more than you do."

"But he ought to be here before this. That was the understanding, I judge," said the colonel, as if speaking to himself, while his words were the source of amazement to Ned, who could not dream what they signified.

"I saw him start down the rocks," added the youth, "but things were buzzing so fast that I forgot about him, and when I looked he was gone. But I say, father, where are the rest?"

"The rest of whom?"

"Our friends—those that came to save us."

"There was but one man, and he stands there, or rather kneels, while he makes sure that he has Jake Harf so fast that there is no getting away."

"But surely there must have been some one beside him?"

It was Dick Harrod who spoke, and Long Jim and Mickey O'Rooney came forward to learn the explanation of the extraordinary occurrences of the last ten minutes.

"There was no one but the Phantom of the Prairie," replied the colonel, who began to enjoy the mystification of his friends.

"I was expecting that the Phantom would come down here and make himself acquainted with you," added Melville, "but he is missing."

"Begorra, but whin ye come to inthrodooce him to this crowd, I hope ye-e'll first inthrodooce me out," replied the Irishman, who wished no closer acquaintance with the mysterious being that had befriended him and the rest so many times.

"And he's a powerful sight more pleasant at a distance than he is close by," added Jim, no less superstitious than his companion.

"You will not think so when you come to know him better, and I am sorry that he is not here. I am sure you will all be glad to meet one who has done so much for you all."

"But he had a man with him," said Dick Harrod; "where is he?"

"There," said the colonel, pointing to the figure of the person who was in the act of rising from the prostrate form of Jake Hart, the renegade.

All had noticed him, but no one beside the colonel himself seemed to hold the least knowledge of his identity.

"It is too dark to see his face," said Long Jim, "so we can't make out who he is."

"You heard his voice," laughed Melville, "and you ought to tell from that."

"There was nothing in that which I remembered," said Ned, whose curiosity was as great as the rest.

"Nor did I," said Jim.

"Nor be me sowl did I, aither," chimed in Mickey; "so if ye plaise, colonel, ye may enloighten us, and thin we may be ready to make thracks out of this place, which ain't the one that I would recommend as a Summer resort."

"And yet there is not one of you who has not heard the voice of this friend of ours. And yet you all look upon him as a stranger; I am sure that Inez can do better than that! Inez, I say—where is she?"

There was an instant turning of heads and a hunting for the girl, who, it was supposed, until this moment, was right among them.

"She was here a minute ago," said Ned, her brother."

"Surely she must have been in the one spot," added Dick Harrod, who, in spite of his own words, was in a tremor of alarm.

"But have any of you seen her since the stampede?" demanded the frightened father.

A hasty comparison of notes proved that no one had observed her since Lone Wolf and his Apaches fled in such haste.

"Then they have managed to take her away wth them in the flight, and she is gone," was the bitter remark of her parent.

"Not beyond recovery," responded Dick Harrod, as he climbed upon the back of his mustang again. "Lone Wolf declared that she was adopted as an Apache maiden by their tribe, and in that case they will not harm her."

"Then that Jake Harf is here, so he can't be with her," said Ned, and the remark lifted a great load from the heart of the others, despite the astounding discovery that she had been carried off by the redskins at a time when it was supposed they were in such a panic that they could think of nothing except how they could get away with all haste from the presence of the dreaded Phantom of the Prairie, and its scarcely less diabolical companions.

At this very instant, as if in answer to their thoughts, the faint scream of a female was borne to them on the night-air.

There could be no doubt that it was the voice of Inez appealing to them for help.

"Has any one a rifle?" asked Dick Harrod, in a tone of wonderful calmness.

"Here is one," said the stranger, coming forward and placing his own rifle in the hands of the lover. "I am sure you will use it well."

"Gentlemen," said Dick, "I have the fleetest mustang of any of you. I can overtake any Apache that is on the plains, and——"

"You may catch any beside Lone Wolf, but you can't catch him, and it is him that has got the gal."

It was Jake Harf who spoke from his recumbent position on the ground, and there was a chuckle in his words, which showed how sweet the least bit of revenge was to him.

"I'll soon decide that question."

The words were thrown back over the shoulder of Dick Harrod, as he struck his horse into a dead run in the direction of the point whence came the cry of distress.

And in the meantime the others did not propose to remain idle, and to trust this all-important work to a single man. (To be continued.)

"Long Jim, the Scout" was commenced in No. 662.

Rob Rollalong, the Runaway.

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG,

AUTHOR OF THE "JACK HARKAWAY" AND "DICK LIGHTHEART" STORIES, ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

KEDGE had restrained his annoyance and anger at Vangs's remarks, because he had determined to have his way, in the end, in his own manner.

To have had an open quarrel with the first officer of the ill-fated *Armadillo* would have done him no good, nor would it have helped Rob in any way.

The result of defying Mr. Vangs would infallibly have been a licking in the first place, and after that his being taken to New York as a prisoner who had disobeyed the commands of his superior officer, and was, therefore to be punished.

Kedge waited his opportunity, and it was not long coming.

He saw a chance of running away, and he did so, making for the beach.

There was a certain amount of obstinacy about this proceeding, and a certain admixture of good feeling.

He liked Rob; he didn't care a straw about the owner of the *Armadillo*, knowing he could always get a ship when he wanted one. He was willing to forego the small amount of pay they owed him; and he wanted to show Vangs that he was not to be bossed by him on shore, though he might sing small on board ship.

When he reached the place where the sailors had camped, he fully expected to see Rob.

Looking around, he could perceive nothing but the in-coming tide, and the scraps of beef and biscuit which the men had left lying around.

Thinking he might obtain some information from some of the residents in the vicinity, he strolled along the shore.

Behind him was the low, surf-beaten shore. Drawn high up on the beach were the boats in which the crew of the burning vessel had saved themselves; and nothing met his view but the wide expanse of ocean and the occasional appearance of a sea-view, with here and there a white sail in the distance.

Kedge had taken the direction of the rock behind which Vangs had committed his villainous act, and left the boy for dead.

In time he came to it.

The sun was setting now, and the tide was coming in fast; the waves even lapped over Kedge's boots.

He was about to climb up the rock to take a view of the surrounding country, when he saw something hard by him.

It was a human body, and the waves were just circling round it.

In five minutes more they would have covered it.

With a rush and a jump, Kedge was at the side of this strange object.

"Jee!" he cried; "it's Rob."

He was right.

The boy had not yet come to his senses, and had not Kedge arrived on the scene, he would have been drowned.

The blow which Vangs gave him with the rock when he turned round was not enough to cause death, but it had brought on prolonged insensibility.

Kedge's first care was to drag his friend's body away from its dangerous position and let it rest under the shadow of the rock, away from sea and setting sun.

"How the demon," said Kedge, aloud, "did the lad come this way? Some one's hit him on the head. I can see that by the blood on his face. Let's prop him up. So!"

He placed the body against the solid rock, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing Rob open his eyes.

"Why, Rob, old man," he said, in a kindly voice, as he chafed the palms of his clammy hands, "what's got you?"

Rob looked round him in a dazed sort of manner.

"Is it you, Kedge?" he asked.

"No one else."

"Where's Vangs?" asked Rob.

"Gone to New York."

"And Captain Spike?" pursued the injured boy.

"He's gone, too. They've all gone. Every man jack of them except me, and I staid behind to look for you."

"That's real kind of you," said Rob. "I feel very bad. My head's like a turnip or a lump of wool, and I feel as faint as a cat."

"Who did it?" inquired Kedge.

"Did what?"

"Hit you like this."

"Vangs, I think, though I cannot be sure. I was talking to him and Captain Spike at the same time, and Vangs told me to turn round, and just then something struck me on the head, and I knew nothing more until you came up and seemed to wake me."

"Vangs is a villain," said Kedge. "Have you any idea why he attacked you like this?"

"Yes, I have," replied Rob, faintly.

"You have?"

"Oh, yes; but please don't talk to me now, because I am so weak and ill. I'll tell you all when I get stronger. Is there no place you can take me to, where I can have a good sleep?"

"I guess so," replied Kedge; "there must be a house about here somewhere."

"Please do let me have a cup of tea and a sleep," said Rob, plaintively.

"You shall have it," answered Kedge, "only wait a while. I'll go for a look out. Can you stay here alone while I'm gone?"

"Why, certainly."

"You don't look much like running away, and that's a fact," said Kedge, smiling.

"Say, Kedge," said Rob; "couldn't you find a cave somewhere on the shore where I could lay off till I get well?"

"Perhaps I could, but wouldn't you be more comfortable in a farmhouse?"

"I suppose so, only we should have to pay for that."

"I've got money, and you're welcome to share with me."

"Thank you very much, Kedge," replied Rob, speaking feelingly. "I know you would not grudge me your last cent, but I'd much rather be in a cave. It's safer."

"Why safer?"

"I'm not so likely to be spotted."

"What are you afraid of?"

"Vangs," replied Rob. "He might come back to make that he had done for me, and if, by making inquiries, he found me at a farmhouse, he'd take means to rob me of the life you have done so much to save."

"You seem to be in a state of mortal dread of Vangs. Is he a——"

"Never mind at present what he is," interrupted Rob. "I'll let you know all presently. Find a cave. Get me hid away, put in some grub and candles, and when I'm stronger, and we're all hunk, I'll not keep anything from you."

Kedge shook his head.

"I'll do my best, Bobby," he said.

A walk along the shore soon brought him to what he was in search of.

A rock rose up out of the land, and its base was washed by the sea.

Kedge saw a bird fly in at an opening a few feet up, and it at once struck him that there might be a cave there.

So he piled up some loose stones in the water to keep his feet dry and help him in the ascent.

Then he placed his hands on the ledge of the hole, which was large enough to admit his body, and drawing himself up, found that he had indeed struck a cave of considerable dimensions.

A flock of birds flew out as he entered.

They had made their nests there, many of which contained eggs.

"By gosh!" said Kedge, "we shan't want for fresh eggs."

The floor of the cave was dry and even.

Its height was over six feet, its length about a dozen yards, and its width at least half that.

"Not at all a bad sort of shelter," was Kedge's muttered comment on this place of refuge.

He dropped to the ground after making his exploration, and gathering some dry grass in a field, made up two beds in the cave.

One for Rob, the other for himself.

Then he walked rapidly to the nearest village, to make some purchases.

Fortunately, he had over fifty dollars of his last voyage's pay in his pocket, so that he did not want for money.

He bought, first of all, a large sack in which to place his purchases.

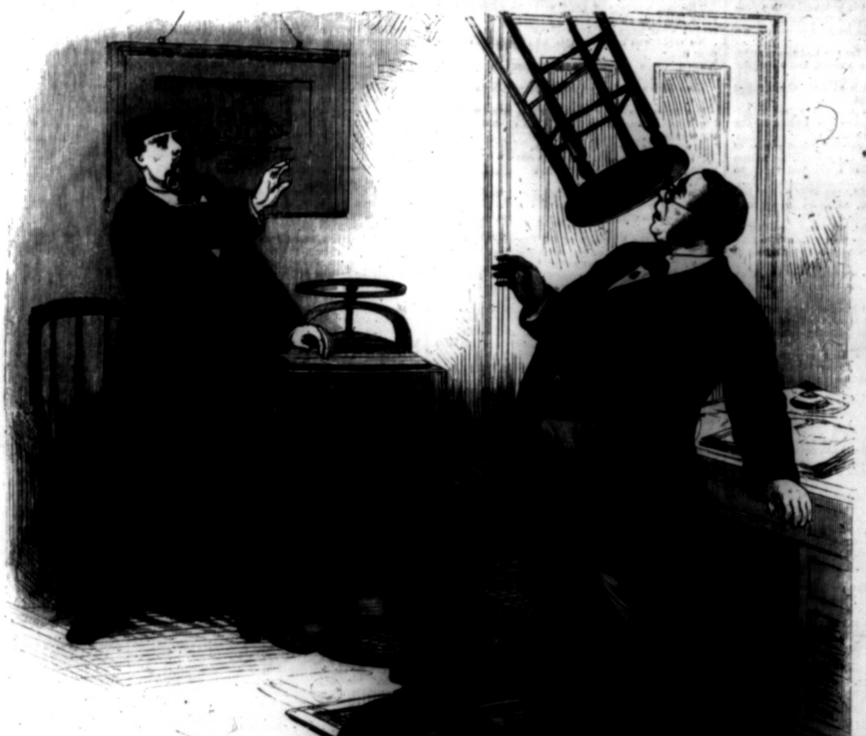
Armed with this, he went into the village-store and bought a variety of articles he thought would be of use to him.

There was bread and bacon and cheese, tea, sugar, tea-cups, two plates, a teapot, a kettle, a saucepan to boil anything in, potatoes, onions for soup, candles (they being less trouble than oil-lamps), some molasses, a knife and fork, salt, pepper, a whisk-broom, soap and a couple of towels—for Kedge was a clean boy, always liking to have a good wash, and believing that cleanliness was next to godliness.

Adding a slice or two of ham, some sardines in boxes, and some dried mackerel, by way of a relish, he went to the drug-store and got a sponge and some plaster for Rob's head.

Slinging the sack over his back he returned to the cave.

With the broom he cleaned the cave of dust and dirt, arranged his purchases to his satisfaction, and lighted a candle to see the effect.



ROB ROLLALONG, THE RUNAWAY.—"THERE WAS A FOOTSTOOOL NEAR VANGS, AND TAKING IT UP, HE THREW IT AT THE SHIPOWNER. IT STRUCK HIM, SPLINTERING UP HIS SPECTACLES, AND BLEEDING HIS NOSE."—SEE PAGE 123.

The candle was stuck on a ledge of rock which served as a shelf, and on which he arranged his crockery.

Another ledge contained his pans, kettles, et cetera, while a hole in the side formed a closet, in which he placed his stores.

"Bully for me!" said Kedge.

Then he went for Rob, whom he found much exhausted, devoured by a raging thirst, and slightly irritable at being left so long alone.

"You might have hurried up, I think," he said.

"I've been on the go ever since," replied Kedge.

"Where's the water you knew I wanted?"

Kedge slapped his forehead impatiently.

"Good land," he said, "I forgot it."

"There's a kind friend!" said Rob. "All right; wait till you're sick, and I'll wait on you."

"Don't be cross and ugly. I'm very sorry."

"Oh, let me die! Why did you come and find me out? I'm of no account. You have been enjoying yourself in some village, I guess, while I'm here half baked in the sun, and almost too faint, from loss of blood, to move."

"Don't say that, Rob."

"But I do."

"Well, you're sick, and when folks are sick they get tetchy and irritable, so I'll forgive you."

"Did you find the cave?"

"Yes."

"What do you stand there for, if you've found the cave?" said Rob, who was so irritable that it seemed as if he had already caught a fever from his wound.

"I'm waiting to take you along."

"Why don't you do it, then? Do you think that I like to be broiled alive by the sun, and have my cut head throb fit to burst?"

"Get up and lean on me," said Kedge.

He assisted the injured boy to rise, handling him with great tenderness, and with some exertion he got him along the shore to the cave.

It was hard work, though, for Rob to walk that mile over the sand.

Without Kedge's assistance he couldn't have done it. Afterward he knew what he had to thank Kedge for, as he was more seriously hurt than he supposed.

Nothing but timely care and nursing, such as only a dear friend can give, pulled him through the fever of that wound, and saved him from an early grave. When they reached the opening into the cave Rob looked up.

"Is that dog-kennel hole the entrance?" he asked.

"It is."

"Now, Kedge, how do you suppose I'm to get in there? Is it likely? Couldn't you find an easier cave than that? It's too bad!"

"Your royal highness is difficult to please."

"Don't talk bosh!"

"Why don't you have a cave made to order?" said Kedge.

"If I was strong enough and well enough I'd knock your head off for chaffing me," said Rob, angrily.

The fever flush mounted to his face, and his wound burst out bleeding.

He sat down on the sand and began to cry.

"It's cowardly of you to tease me when you know how weak and ill I am," he said, "and I don't thank you for it."

"I'm very sorry," replied Kedge. "Let me hyst you into the cave."

"No; I won't go."

"Why?"

"I'll die here. That's what you want. I can see you wish to kill me," continued Rob. "Go 'way. I don't want you, Kedge. I'm disappointed in you. I thought you were genuine."

Kedge saw that he was already becoming a little delirious, and did not know what he was saying.

So he took him up in his arms without saying a word, and standing on the stepping-stones, hoisted him into the hole and shot him through.

Rob struggled and remonstrated, but all to no purpose. He was inside.

Kedge soon followed him, and placed him on the bed of grass he had prepared for him.

Among his purchases he had a few bottles of root-beer, one of which he opened and gave to Rob, who drank it greedily.

"More! more!" he exclaimed, holding up the empty cup with feverish eagerness.

Kedge gave him another bottle.

"Holy Moses, wasn't that good!" exclaimed Rob. "I'll never say another word against you, Kedge; you're a real good friend to me; but I tell you it's awful to lie in the sun with a hole in your head, and want water. It makes you feel as if you didn't know what you were saying, and could quarrel with your brother."

"I understand just how it is," replied Kedge.

"Now, won't you try to stop the bleeding?"

"I'm coming to that."

Kedge soaked the sponge in seawater, bathed the wound, and plastered it up after he had got all the hair and dirt out of it.

"That's ever so much better," said Rob.

"Now, you lie down on that bed," exclaimed Kedge, spreading the sack over the dry grass. "I'll get supper ready while you sleep."

"I haven't much appetite," replied Rob.

"Can't you pick a bit of a sardine and have a cup of tea? See all my things! Here's bread, tea, a kettle, and all."

"Oh, it's bully!" said Rob. "Why, we've quite a home here."

"You can bet your boots I do it all O K when I go into keeping house," replied Kedge, with a pardonable pride.

"Didn't this cost a deal of money?"

"Some."

"And you've done it all for me—furnished a cave for me? It's very good of you, and I'm real sorry I spoke cross just now," said Rob.

"Oh, that's all right. There's no bones broke. You go to sleep while I fix supper, and I'll wake you at the proper time."

Rob sank back on his grassy couch and was soon in a restless slumber, which, however, tended to do him good and stop the progress of the fever, which was trying to grasp him in its enervating embrace.

Meanwhile, Kedge collected driftwood and lighted a fire on the beach. He found a pond where he could get water in his kettle and saucepan, and when the water was boiling he fixed a fishline he had on a pole he cut from a tree, dug up a clam for bait, waded out to a rock in the sea, and fished till he caught two flounders and a small weakfish.

These he cooked for tea.

It was nearly dark when he had done all this, and he lighted two candles as he spread his feast out on the floor.

There were tea and fresh fish, bread, molasses and sardines.

"Now, then, old Robinson Crusoe," he said, waking Rob, "rouse up and pitch in to all the delicacies of the season, sent down from Delmonico's by lightning-express train. We only charge a dollar a minute so long as you eat in our restaurant."

Rob, though weak, felt better, and sat up, smiling.

"This is nice," he said. "Fresh fish, too. How did you get that?"

"Caught it in the sea. I thought you'd like it."

"How thoughtful of you! It's just about the only thing I could touch."

"Your head's better?" said Kedge.

"Yes; it don't ache me so much; but I feel fearful weak," replied Rob.

"I'm going to light my pipe, if you don't mind. If you do, I'll take a chew instead," said Kedge.

"Light up, by all means," replied Rob.

When Kedge had set his pipe going, he made himself a comfortable seat, and then he took up the sack and fixed it over the entrance to the cave.

"What's that for?" asked Rob. "There's no air."

"It's to prevent any one in a boat seeing our lights."

"Oh, people won't hurt us. What are you afraid of?"

"Vangs."

"Ah," said Rob, "I forgot him for the moment."

Kedge settled down again, and puffed at his pipe in silence. At length he said:

"You won't think me selfish if I ask you to tell me why Vangs wanted to kill you?"

"Not at all."

"Don't do it if you don't feel well enough. I can wait."

"I'll tell you now," replied Rob. "Captain Spike set the ship on fire."

"He did?"

"Yes, sir."

"Burnt the *Armadillo?* Spike did that? That's the greatest lick out," said Kedge, who was fairly astonished.

"I overheard him talking to himself when he had the jams, and I went and told Vangs."

"Ah!" ejaculated Kedge.

"Vangs made an arrangement with him of some sort, and did not stop it."

"I suppose Spike was to be paid for it, and he consented to whack up with the first officer?"

"That's how it was, I guess," said Rob.

"When they got ashore they were afraid of you?"

"Just so."

"Vangs always was a queer sort of cuss. I never liked him, and I don't know any one as did," said Kedge.

"He's a villain."

"Didn't he tell your fortune?"

"My misfortune. He's given me six years to live."

"Tell you," said Kedge, "he's wonderfully good at anything of that sort. I don't believe in fortune-telling, but Vangs has foretold more than one death."

"I remember one on board."

"Others besides that to my certain knowledge."

The boys were silent for a while.

Presently Kedge exclaimed:

"What do you propose to do when you are all right again?"

"I want to go to Jersey," replied Rob.

"Where you came from?"

"Ye-a."

"What did you run away for? You never placed enough confidence in me to tell me your little history."

"I will now. One day I was beat by a man for stealing cherries, and I and my friend Hen Arlick got the boys to raid his orchard. He set the dog on me, and I was going to stick the dog with my knife, when I made a slip in the dark and stuck the boss."

"Did you kill him?"

"I can't tell. You see, I made tracks and skipped."

"That was how you got on board our ship?" said Kedge.

"Exactly."

"Won't it be dangerous for you to venture back into Jersey?"

"I'll do it at night, and get hold of Hen. He'll tell me all the news," replied Rob.

"And then?"

"Well, we'll cross over to Staten Island."

"What to do there?"

"I've got a rich old aunt at a little place called Huguenot, about four miles from Tottenville, and——"

In spite of his pallor Rob blushed a little.

"What?"

"Oh, nothing," said he.

"I'll bet my bottom dollar," said Kedge, "that your old aunt has got a pretty daughter—eh?"

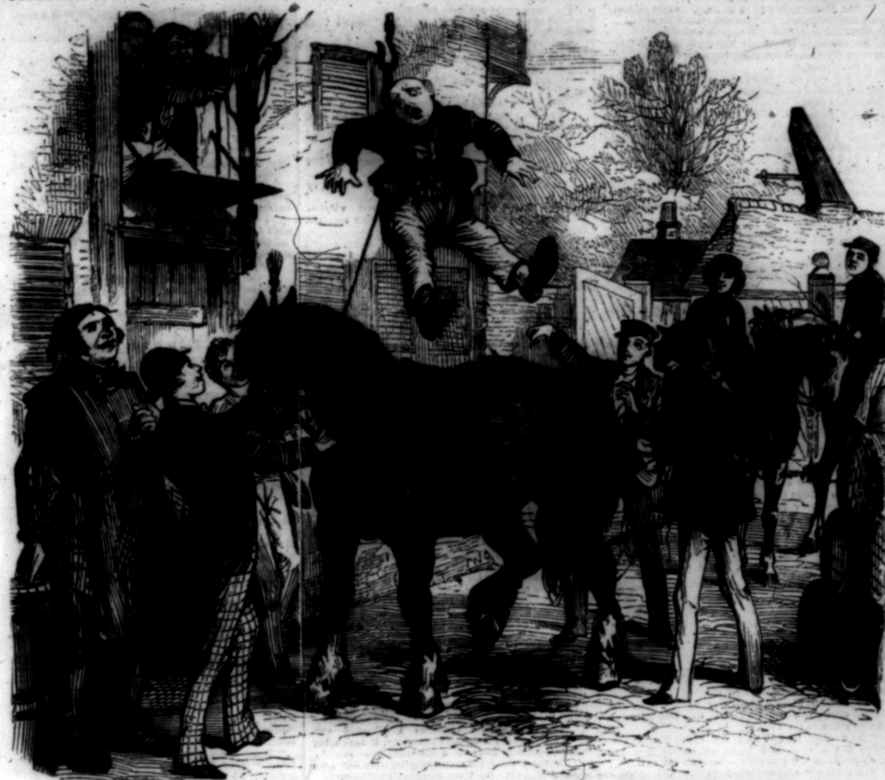
"That's so," replied Rob. "Hattie's about as nice as they make them, and I don't mind owning up I've been her fellow going on two years."

"Is your uncle dead?"

"Yes, ten years ago. He had his only boy on board his sloop, and they were never heard of again."

"What! old man and boy all lost?"

"Yes; but he wasn't old. Uncle Elliott was a youngish man, so I've heard say. Auntie looks old now, because she's fretted so, and I don't think she



YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS.—"OH, LOR'! WHEREVER AM I GOING TO?' HE GASPED, AS HE STRUCK OUT WITH HIS ARMS AND LEGS LIKE A CONVULSED FROG."—SEE PAGE 126.

would have lived at all if it hadn't been for Hattie."

"You say she's rich?"

"She's worth ten or fifteen thousand dollars, and owns her own house and lot."

"That's not bad," said Kedge. "It's bad to lose husband and child on the sea. I'm glad she's well fixed. Wonder whether my mother was left well off?"

"Your mother?"

"Yes; I was a waif. Don't you know I was picked up at sea, and don't know my own name? That's why I'm called Kedge Anchor. They had to fix me some name."

"Picked you up?" said Rob.

"Yes. I'm nobody's child," replied Kedge, with a sigh.

He puffed away at his pipe more vigorously than ever.

"What fun it would be, Kedge," said Rob, "if you were uncle's son! Then you'd be my cousin."

"I guess your uncle and his child went to the bottom," replied Kedge.

"Maybe so."

Again the boys became silent and reflective.

Rob fell off to sleep, and Kedge soon followed his example, for the day had been a fatiguing one, and he was tired out.

It was over ten days before Rob recovered his strength.

When he did he proposed to start for Jersey.

Both were sorry to leave the cave, which they had grown accustomed to, and found very comfortable.

But they were in the hurry and whirl of life, and their destiny would not allow them to stand still any more than it will the rest of us.

Change is an internal law of nature.

Fate is an iron-willed policeman, who makes us all "move on."

So they quitted the cave, and taking the steam-cars, traveled to Perth Amboy, which they reached at dusk.

Rob's heart trembled a little when he stepped off the cars, and he hurried off the platform.

Scarcely had he gained the road, closely followed by his companion, than a voice uttered his name:

"Rob! Rob Rollalong!"

Turning round, he beheld Hen Arlick.

The stage-drivers were shouting out, "South Amboy Ferry!" "Englewood!" and in the bustle and confusion Rob had fancied he had escaped unobserved.

But Hen's quick eyes had seen him.

The newsboy had been selling papers, and was going home.

Rob did not mind Hen, but he was alarmed at his name being called in such loud tones.

"Hush, Hen!" he said. "Don't give me away."

"Is that my style?" replied Hen. "Walk to the left. No one will see us. I've got a lot to tell you. Who's your friend?"

"Call him Kedge. We were wrecked together."

"Wrecked?"

"Yes; the ship was burned, but we made the shore, and here we are."

"Going home?"

"Not if I know it," replied Rob.

"That's right. The police are looking for you."

"Is that so? I'd like to see mother."

"It wouldn't be safe," said Hen Arlick.

Rob was dying with curiosity to inquire after old Brewster, but he could not get his lips to shape the question.

Putting himself by his side, Hen said:

"What's your idea?"

"I came to get news, and then I'm going to take somebody's boat and cross over to the island."

"To your aunt's?"

"Exactly. I can trust you, Hen, can't I?"

"With your life," answered the newsboy. "Let us work down to the sea by this way. I wouldn't have you dropped on for a dollar."

Getting up his courage, Rob at length asked the dreaded question.

"How's Brewster?"

"Alive and kicking."

An indescribable expression of delight pervaded the boy's frame at this answer.

It removed a dreadful weight, which for ever so long had been hanging over his heart.

"He's not dead, then?"

"Not by a long sight," said Hen. "The knife glanced off his ribs, and though he lost some blood, which his body could well afford, he's the liveliest man in this town at this moment."

"I'm so glad," replied Rob.

"He's got it in for you, though, if ever you fall into his hands," continued Hen.

"What's he going to do with me?"

"Make an application to the judge to send you on board the school-ship."

Rob had heard of the school-ship, which was a reformatory for bad boys, and so he did not like the prospect at all.

"He's very kind, indeed," he exclaimed; "but I'd rather decline the honor."

"That's where your head's level," said Hen. "The school-ship's no place for you."

"What's mother and father say?"

"Mother takes on and frets, but your father don't say much, though I take particular notice that he comes home drunk oftener."

"That shows he's thinking about what he's done," said Rob. "Well, if he hadn't got Brewster to lick me for taking those cherries, things would have been very different—eh, Hen?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Hen Arlick.

"Will you see mother for me and tell her I'm all right?"

"With pleasure."

"Give her my love, and say I'll come and see her if she can square old Brewster; but don't say where I'm going; they might watch me."

"I'll look out."

"Thank you, old boy; you're a real good friend to me," said Rob.

"I'm always glad to help a friend," replied Hen, "and I'd rather do any boy a good turn than a bad one."

"That's me," said Kedge. "Better make friends than enemies, if you can do so without losing your self-respect."

"Well, stroll on, Rob. I wish you luck," said Hen.

"Won't you come on a little way with me?"

"Can't, I'm sorry to say. I've got to go home and get my supper, and then connect with the night train for Philadelphia. Wish you luck, Rob. Wherever you are, or whatever you do, let me hear from you."

"That you shall, Hen."

"If you see a good billet in foreign parts, I'm ready to go West. That's the kind of a hairpin I am."

They shook hands.

"Say, Hen, whose boat am I likely to get on the shore?" said Rob.

"Rowboat?"

"Yes."

"There's your father's down at the dock. He's been out weak-fishing all day."

"Good enough. I'll leave it on the beach on the island, over the river, Hen."

Hen Arlick wished Kedge good-night, and separated from them, going to his mother's house, where he knew a nice hot supper was waiting for him.

He was a good boy to his mother, giving her a fair share of the money he earned, and she in return did all she could to make his home comfortable and attractive to him.

If all mothers would be as considerate to their sons, how much happier boys' lives would be, and how few the complaints about undutiful children!

Some rarely turn out badly, unless there is some evil influence at home to make them do so.

Home influence is everything; too much strictness is as bad as too much indulgence.

The boys reached the shore, and found the rowboat of which Hen Arlick had spoken.

Rob had often been out in her, and knew her well.

"Jump in, Kedge," he said; "I'll row you over, and we'll land at Tottenville."

"Do they know you there?" asked Kedge.

"Guess they do. I'm pretty well known all over, near home, but they won't give me away to old Brewster, and Staten Island isn't Jersey."

"Is that so?"

"It's Richmond County, in New York State. We'll have a drink of lager at the West End Hotel. Mrs. Walker, who keeps it, knows my aunt, and she likes me."

"Pull away. I'm fixed," said Kedge.

Rob pushed off the boat, and was soon busily sculling across from Perth Amboy to Staten Island.

TALES WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA, AND OTHER CROOKED TOWERS AND STEEPLES.—SEE PAGE 126.

He knew he would have a welcome at his aunt's, no matter what time he arrived.

Even if it were the middle of the night they would let him in.

Little, pretty, fair-haired Hattie would be only too pleased to see him, and his Aunt Elliott doted upon him.

She lived in a quiet, secluded part of the island.

No one would think of looking for him there.

If visiting angels knew the beauties of Staten Island they would fold their wings and rest in this Eden of the West.

Rob was well acquainted with the island, and was not too young to appreciate them, as he had often rambled from Howland's Hook to Clifton, knew the attractions of New Dorp, had seen New Brighton, and walked from the Great Kills to Prince's Bay.

"It will be ten o'clock before we get to auntie's house at Huguenot," said Rob, as he neared Tottenville.

"Is that late for them?"

"About their bed-time."

"How do you go?"

"Walk."

"Let's hurry up, then," said Kedge.

Rob increased his speed, and presently the boat grated on the beach, and the boys stepped ashore.

(To be continued.)

"Rob Rollalong was commenced in No. 672.

Young Pickwick's Schooldays.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

(Continued from page 116.)

AND after talking and laughing for some time Picky and the Diddler followed his example.

They woke at cockcrow.

"Hadn't we better get a sponge and give Swags a wash?" asked Pickwick.

"Right you are," returned the Diddler. "Shall I fetch the basin and towel?"

"Yes," said young Pickwick; "and be quick about it."

"Am I ever slow about anything?" said the Diddler, as he left the room.

He made for the outhouse, but finding no basin there, he went up to the dormitory where he usually slept.

He entered on tiptoe, unwilling to disturb the slumbers of the other boys.

Having possessed himself of the necessary articles, he was about to steal from the room, when Tom Ely turned restlessly in his sleep.

"We've got the Diddler's locket," he said. "Five pounds to Bully Mungal, but it's worth it, after all."

"Halloa, Master Ely," murmured the Diddler; "so you and your pretty companion have stolen my locket between you."

He listened for some time, in the hopes that Tom Ely would speak again.

But Tom had fallen into a deep sleep.

Seeing this, the Diddler softly left the dormitory, and hastily rejoined his friend.

"I say," grumbled Pickwick, "you have been gone a precious long time."

"Yes," said the Diddler; "couldn't help it."

"What detained you?"

"I was listening to Tom Ely talking in his sleep."

"What you heard must have interested you very much," observed Pickwick. "I thought you were never coming."

"Couldn't come before, dear boy," said the Diddler. "Tom Ely was telling his secret."

"What did it matter to you?" asked Pickwick.

"Perhaps you will alter your opinion when I tell you that I now know who stole my locket."

"Who?" cried Pickwick, excitedly.

"Bully Mungal."

"You astonish me," said young Pickwick. "I always knew he was a bad lot, but I am utterly at a loss to understand his motive in stealing your locket."

"He sold it to Tom for five pounds, as far as I could understand," said the Diddler. "Nice couple—no mistake."

"What are you going to do?"

"Tell the doctor, of course; get back my property, and in time become Lord So-and-so, dear boy," replied the Diddler.

Here Swags, who had been placidly sleeping, suddenly popped his speckled face from under the bedclothes, asking for something to eat.

"Let's wash off the paint," whispered young Pickwick. "The truth would be discovered if anybody caught us scrubbing Swags."

"Swags, dear boy, want a wash?" said the Diddler, approaching the fat boy's bedside with a basin and towel.

"No," said Swags, shortly.

He was suffering from a slight attack of indigestion, and was rather surly.

But the Diddler, after moistening the towel, suddenly dabbed it in the fat boy's face.

"Just you leave off," cried Swags, clutching at the end of the towel. "What are you up to now?"

But the Diddler only rubbed the harder.

The paint came off by degrees, and when the Diddler paused the fat boy's face was clean.

Soon after the schoolmaster and the village doctor entered.

"What! not dead yet?" cried the village doctor, opening his mouth very wide and holding up his hands. "Why, the boy looks quite well—wonderful! How do you feel?"

"Alive and kicking," exclaimed the Diddler. "Didn't want to be washed—made a scene—and so on."

Doctor Waddle delightedly came toward the bed and looked at Swags.

"This is truly wonderful," he exclaimed, as he saw the fat boy's face.

The village doctor looked annoyed.

He had given it as his opinion that Swags was going to die, and it made him indignant to see that young gentleman looking as if nothing had happened.

"I should like that other fiver now, if you've no objection," observed the Diddler. "Brought him round—expect my money—usual thing—Doctor Waddle never breaks his word."

Doctor Waddle handed the Diddler a bank-note.

"You have earned it," he observed; "you are a clever boy."

"But where is my fee?" asked the village doctor, holding out his hand.

"What for?" asked the schoolmaster.

"For my time and trouble," said the village doctor.

"You won't get any fee out of me," returned Waddle. "You are an incompetent person, sir. You said Swags would die, and my pupil, Diddler, has cured him."

"The doctor says you're an incompetent person," said the Diddler. "Rather deaf, ain't you?"

The village doctor was beside himself.

He suddenly threw out his right fist and smote Doctor Waddle on the nose, saying:

"Take that, sir."

"Very well, sir," cried the schoolmaster, taking out his pocket-handkerchief. "You haven't heard the last of this."

"Nor you, sir!" cried the village doctor, wagging his head about until the Diddler privately informed young Pickwick that he thought it would come off and roll upon the floor.

"You are a low, vulgar fellow," cried Waddle; "and don't know so much as Diddler."

"You have been drinking, sir," cried the village doctor.

"Say that again!" cried the schoolmaster.

"You have been drink——"

Before the word left the village doctor's mouth he was dragged out of the room and flung down a flight of steps.

But he was up again in a minute.

"I'll have your blood!" he exclaimed, rushing into the room. "I'll attend on you when you are ill, and physic you to death."

The schoolmaster was frightened at his own boldness.

He took refuge under the fat boy's bed.

"Let me get at him!" exclaimed the village doctor. "I'll make him swallow some of my medicine."

"Keep him off!" cried Waddle, crouching near the wall and trembling violently.

Putting his long arm under the bed, Shadbolt clutched Waddle by the leg and tried to drag him forth.

Suddenly drawing in his leg, the schoolmaster shot it out again, striking the village doctor in the stomach.

"Oh, I'm a dead man!" shrieked Mr. Shadbolt.

"Better come away," observed the Diddler, assisting the village doctor to rise.

"Your master has assaulted me, young man; kicked me below my waistcoat," exclaimed Mr. Shadbolt.

"Very wrong of him," said the Diddler; "but I wouldn't waste my valuable time on him if I were you—cutting off your nose to be revenged upon your face—and no mistake."

As he spoke, he gently led the village doctor out of the building and across the playground.

"Young man, your master is a cowardly ruffian," presently cried Mr. Shadbolt.

They had reached the door in the wall by this time, and the Diddler held it open for the village doctor to pass out.

"One word before we part," observed that worthy. "Your cure of that fat boy is little less than a miracle. Tell me how you did it."

The Diddler placed his finger on his nose and looked round at young Pickwick, who had followed him to share in the fun.

"Now look here," said the eccentric youth, "I'm not a fool—and know my secret is worth money—what will you give—down on the nail?"

The village doctor reflected.

"I'll give you a dollar," he said, at last.

"A dollar!" cried the Diddler. "Fiddlesticks! You insult me, sir—'pon honor."

"Well, how much do you want me to give?" said the doctor, nibbling at his nails.

"Must have ten dollars—the secret is worth more—couldn't do it for less," returned the Diddler.

"You shall have it," cried the village doctor.

"Well, I tell you what to do," said the Diddler. "You shall inclose your bank-note in a sealed envelope, and I'll do the same with my prescription—fine idea—extremely clever—very."

Doctor Shadbolt consented to this arrangement.

The Diddler wrote out his prescription and sealed it up in an envelope.

Doctor Shadbolt, receiving an envelope from the Diddler, slipped a note in it and sealed it up, according to agreement.

He then presented it to the Diddler, who handed him the prescription in exchange.

"Don't read it here," cried the Diddler, pushing the village doctor outside the door. "Make your fortune—Waddle might come down upon us—unpleasant—very."

The door closed behind the village doctor with a click.

The two boys quickly clambered to the top of the wall and looked down at Shadbolt, who was in the act of tearing open the envelope.

That gentleman opened his eyes in angry astonishment as he read as follows:

"DOCTOR DIDDLER'S PRESCRIPTION FOR SWAGS'S COMPLAINT.—Half a quartern loaf, half a pound of butter, two pounds of sausages, a pound of steak, and a large bottle of claret. The dose to be repeated every day until the patient recovers."

The village doctor advanced to the door in the wall, and gave it two or three heavy kicks.

"What are you up to now, old man?" asked the Diddler. "Do you want to break the door down?"

"Oh, only let me get at you!" yelled the village doctor.

"I shan't let you do anything of the kind," returned the Diddler. "Come up here if you want to speak to me. Sold again, are you? Don't forget Doctor Diddler."

The village doctor breathed hard and looked unutterable things.

"Wouldn't he like to eat us?" observed young Pickwick. "His mouth is big enough to take us both in."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" shrieked the village doctor. "How dare you impose upon me?"

"How have I imposed upon you?" asked the Diddler. "You wanted to know how I cured Swags, and I have told you. Ha, ha!"

The village doctor was about to retort, when he heard a neighboring clock strike the hour.

He was due at the house of one of his best patients.

"I'll be even with you, my lads," he cried.

And he hastened away, with the mocking laughter of the Diddler and young Pickwick ringing in his ears.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE DIDDLER'S DREAM AND ITS REALIZATION—AN AFTERNOON'S OUTING—A METTLESOME STEED—THE FAT BOY COMES TO GRIEF—THEY ENTER ON FORBIDDEN GROUND.

NEXT morning the Diddler was particularly thoughtful. He paced the playground, occasionally pausing and tapping his forehead with the tips of his fingers, like one who had something on his mind.

The boys could not help noticing it.

"What's happened to the Diddler?" asked Dick Sancliff.

Nobody knew, and therefore nobody answered.

"Let's ask him," suggested young Pickwick.

"All right; fire away!"

"I say, Diddler," said Sam, "anything the matter?"

The Diddler looked at his questioner.

"Anything the matter?" he repeated; "ah, yes, exactly—that's it."

"What?" inquired Pickwick.

"A dream—a dream—I've had a dream!"

"Let's hear it," cried the boys, as they crowded round; "silence for the Diddler's dream."

The knowing one glanced hastily at the eager faces, and continued:

"Well, then, I dreamt—let me see—what—what—was it? Ah! remember now—rich relative defunct—sole heir—thumping legacy."

"For you, Diddler?"

"Yes, me—fortune—wealth—showers of gold—sackfuls."

"Lor'!" ejaculated Swags, smacking his lips and opening his round eyes, greedily, "what a lot of tarts you'll be able to buy!"

The Diddler drew himself up and looked beautifully indignant, as he exclaimed, scornfully:

"Tarts, no—not so selfish—first thought of old friends—school-chums—said to myself, 'Treat the dear boys—treat 'em all—every one.'"

"Treat us!" echoed the listeners.

"Yes; every man Jack of you!"

The Diddler threw his swivel eye round in a marvelous manner, and smiled beamingly upon his friends, who gave an approving murmur.

"Ah," said Tuppy Tunstal, after a moment, "but that was only your dream, you know."

"No—nothing of the sort—dream realized—must—shall be—the Diddler says so!" he exclaimed, in his usual rapid and voluble manner.

"Do you mean to say you're going to treat us?" asked the boy.

"I do—positive fact."

"But——"

"No buts, but listen—to-day is half-holiday—all out together—hire horses—over the hills and far away—cold collation—hamper—grub—tarts—sausages—bottled beer—fizz—bang—jolly—very."

"It'll cost a jolly lot of money," remarked Bully Mungal, in a surly tone.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the Diddler; "money no object—not the least—I pay all ex's."

"You!" exclaimed every one, knowing very well that his means were limited.

"Yes, I."

"How are you going to get the money?"

"You will supply the coin, dear boys," said the Diddler, blandly; "you!"

"We?"

The Diddler gave a cheerful nod, as he continued:

"Plan very simple—plain as a pikestaff—you all lend trifle—say a dollar each—two, if agreeable—handsome sum raised in a few moments—see?"

"That's a good idea, treating us with our own money," drawled the Hon. Jonadab Fitzham.

"No, no—don't understand—loan, merely."

"But I thought you said——"

"Don't interrupt—I said lend—coming very shortly into property—boundless wealth, and so on—pay you all back—sixty per cent. interest—magnificent investment."

The prospect was enticing; and after a moment's consideration out came the purses, and the deposits were rapidly showered into the Diddler's hand, the Hon. Jonadab contributing two dollars in order to prove his superiority over the rest.

As soon as school was over the Diddler disappeared. Before dinner-time he came back, evidently in excellent spirits.

"All right," he said. "Settled everything—ordered nags—grub—tarts—beer—et cetera—et cetera."

As soon as dinner was over they started, eleven in number.

Old Belcher, the turnpike man, saw them coming, and rushed into the toll-house in dismay, keeping out of sight until they had passed.

As they approached the outskirts of the town they found two men, of hostler-like appearance, waiting for them with the horses.

"Had a job to get this lot together, sir," said one of them, with a grin, to the Diddler; "but we managed it at last."

"And a nice lot they are," observed Bully Mungal, as he contemplated the quadrupeds—a strange mixture of all sorts and sizes.

"Don't make remarks, Bully—rude—very," said the Diddler, reprovingly. "Now, then, jump up, all of you. Oh, bring me but my Arab steed!" he began to sing.

In the course of a few moments the boys were mounted on their nags, all but Swags, who seemed to be the odd one out.

"Where's my 'oss?" he asked, dolefully.

"Coming, my Trojan—all in good time—don't fret—make you thin—ah! here he is!"

As the Diddler uttered this exclamation, a small boy appeared, leading a very large animal.

"What a stunner!" cried the knowing one; "real Flanders breed."

"Why, it's a brewer's dray horse," muttered Swags, in dismay; "I can't ride that."

"Why not?"

"He's such a whopper!"

"Precisely," laughed the Diddler; "pair of whoppers—fat boy—fat horse—brewer's—extra double stout—engaged on purpose—he, he—don't you twig?"

Whether Swags twigged or not, he was, at a signal from the Diddler, hoisted on to the back of the animal, where he sat in much trepidation, clutching the pommel of the saddle, his round face looking the picture of misery.

"All ready?" asked the Diddler.

"All," was the reply.

"Off we go, then!"

And after tossing a couple of shillings to the men and sixpence to the lad, off they went, at all kinds of paces, and in all kinds of ways.

The Diddler took the lead, mounted on a coal-black, long-tailed steed which had belonged to an undertaker—but which he designated "an Arabian"—and which, like its rider, was queer in one eye.

"Jolly, isn't it?" said young Pickwick, as they trotted along.

"Awfully," responded Bob Fairfit, who was next to him.

"I wish my knacker had a little more go in him," grumbled Dick Sancliff, who was trying hard to urge his horse to a gallop.

"I think my saddle might be strapped on a little tighter," remarked Tuppy Tunstal; "it waggles from side to side like a loose tooth."

"How are you getting on, fatty, eh?" asked Bully Mungal of Swags, who was in a profuse perspiration from bodily fear; "your horse is a regular crawler."

"I don't mind that," returned Swags; "I'd rather he did crawl."

"Oh, but it looks as if you couldn't ride, Swagy," said Mosey Morton, with a malicious smile. "Run, just stir him up a little."

"Come up!" shouted Bully, loudly, as he gave the horse a tremendous slap on his round buttocks.

"Oh, don't, please! I shall be off!" entreated Swags, as the dray horse, startled out of his abstraction, burst into a jog-trot.

"Oh—oh—oh—Lord! I—can't—stand—this—jig—jog!" gasped the fat boy, as his steed shambled along.

"Bravo!" cried the Diddler, approvingly, as he came up with him; "magnificent animal—splendid action—very."

"I don't like it," wailed the hapless Swags; "it ain't splendid; he shakes me to bits."

Suddenly he pulled up short with a look of consternation, and exclaimed, solemnly:

"Where's the grub?"

At this all-important question every one came to a standstill, when it was quickly discovered that it had been left behind.

"No matter," said the Diddler, lightly; "ride back—fetch it—speed—lightning—jiffy—wait for me."

And without another word he turned the head of his Arab and trotted off.

In a short time he reappeared with two hampers slung pannier-fashion across his horse's shoulders.

"Arabian steeds not calculated to bear heavy weights," he said; "who volunteers to carry provender?"

"Swags!" cried every one, unanimously.

"Swags be it, then."

The fat boy looked aghast at the idea of this additional responsibility.

"I can't carry it," he murmured piteously; but a sudden idea seemed to strike him, and he consented.

And the hampers were quickly transferred to his horse's back.

While this operation was being performed, an idea had also occurred to the Diddler, who was looking on, and approaching the stout youth, he said to him, confidentially:

"Don't seem right, Swagy—what is it?"

"I am afraid I shall fall off this tall 'oss and break my neck," was Swags's reply.

"Oh!—sad idea that—very," returned the Diddler, in a tone of sympathy.

"Yes, I don't like it at all," wailed Swags.

"N-o—shouldn't care about it myself," returned the knowing one, reflectively; "stay!—happy thought—right as a trivet in an instant."

"What do you mean?" Swags asked.

"Show you."

And with this the Diddler, with remarkable dexterity, withdrew his feet from his stirrups, and threw his legs across the back of the dray horse behind Swags.

"There—safe now—infant—mother's arms," he said. "Here, Tuppy—lead Arabian—gentle as a lamb—lay hold."

Tuppy Tunstall, who was a good-natured lad, took the coal-black steed by his bridle-rein and the Diddler giving the word to move on, they made a fresh start. (To be continued.)

"Young Pickwick's Schooldays" was commenced in No. 663.

Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA, AND OTHER CROOKED TOWERS AND STEEPLES.

OF these singular objects, whose striking appearance is due to various causes, we meet with a number of instances both in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe. Of leaning towers perhaps the most remarkable, certainly the most widely known, is the celebrated one at Pisa, in Italy. It is one hundred and eighty-seven feet in height, ascended by three hundred and fifty-five steps, and is inclined from the perpendicular rather more than fourteen feet. Erected about 1174, this beautiful structure is built of marble and granite, having eight stories, each formed of arches supported by columns, the several stories being divided by ornamental cornices. Being unconnected with the neighboring buildings, it was probably intended to be used as a belfry. Notwithstanding its inclination and the fact that seven hundred years have elapsed since the erection of the structure, it has withstood the ravages of time with more than ordinary success, exhibiting at the present time scarcely any perceptible sign of decay. It would seem that the tower has not always presented the peculiar appearance which it has now assumed, for in the Campo Santa, a neighboring burial-ground, the cloisters of which are ornamented with curious paintings on stucco, there exists a representation of the tower in an upright position. These paintings are supposed to have been executed about 1300, more than one hundred years after the tower was built; so that it may be considered pretty certain that the inclination was caused by the gradual sinking of the earth, as is the case with those at Bologna, in the same country. The taller of these latter, that of Asinelli, was built in 1109. It is over three hundred feet high, and has been stated to incline two feet and a half. It may be ascended from the interior by five hundred steps; and the summit commands an extensive view of the neighboring cities of Imola, Ferrara and Modena. The lesser tower of the two, that of Garisendi, or Garissnidi, compared by Dante to the stooping giant Antæus, is about 140 feet high, and deviates seven or eight feet from the perpendicular. It has been found by experiment that most lofty buildings of any antiquity are slightly inclined from an upright position. In Italy, besides those already mentioned, numerous other instances are to be found. The bell tower of St. Mary Zibenica, at Venice leans; also towers at Ravenna, and between Ferrara and Venice.

The most remarkable leaning tower in Great Britain is that of Caerphilly Castle, Glamorganshire. Being but between seventy and eighty feet high, it is eleven feet out of the perpendicular. The castle of which the tower forms a part was built about 1221, and the canting of the tower is said to have been caused by an explosion of hot liquid metal used by the occupants of the castle to pour on the heads of their enemies, at a siege which took place in 1326. There are also leaning towers at Bridgnorth Castle, in Shropshire, and at Corfe Castle, in Dorsetshire, both caused by the use of gunpowder during the civil war between King Charles and his Parliament.

A NEW STORY,

Full of Stir and Life, began in the last number.

The Young Hero of Cape Ann;

OR,

The Fishing Trip of an American Boy,

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

Rob Rollalong, the Runaway,

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG.

Topsy-Turvy;

OR,

The Boy Explorer.

A story equal to Jules Verne.

The Chums of Harvard College.

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK.

Long Jim, the Scout;

OR,

The Death Valley of the Apaches.

BY HENRY R. BRISBANE.

AND

Young Pickwick's School-days.

To those of our readers who are desirous of obtaining an admirable illustrated record of the current events of romantic and startling interest, we recommend THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES, *in which will be found all that transpires of a sensational character: deeds of heroism, thrilling adventures, accidents and criminalities, brilliantly illustrated. Also full reports of sporting events, theatrical gossip, portraits of public notabilities, amusing cartoons, etc. etc. Published every Friday; single copies, price 10 cents, at all newsdealers'; annual subscription, $4. Address, 53 Park Place, New York.*

CAUTION.

Subscribers, in ordering our publications, should be careful to write the name of FRANK LESLIE *in full, and direct their letters to 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York, from which address all our publications are issued.*

Send Twenty-five Cents

FOR SPECIMEN COPY OF

Frank Leslie's

SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

Read "The Wit, Wisdom and Pathos of Childhood"; see the purest and best stories and poems for

Boys and Girls,

and grown people. It makes Sunday a cheerful day. There is nothing stupid, morose or heavy in our **Sunday Magazine.** Every man who wants to have a glad and happy household should let his children have the **Sunday Magazine.**

☞ *READ THE ABOVE TO YOUR PARENTS.*

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,

53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York.

THE ROUND TABLE.

PRIZES.

To be Read by all who Send Answers.

FOR A COMPLETE SET OF ANSWERS TO ALL THE ENIGMAS, ETC., IN THIS NUMBER.

For the best and earliest, due allowance being made for the distance of each competitor	$5.00
For the next best	2.50
For the third in merit and promptness	1.00

N. B.—There is no prize offered for an answer to only one puzzle or riddle. The answers must be to ALL. Competitors in all parts of the country have an equal chance.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 670.

1. Chaise, Harder, Arcite, Idiots, Settle, E-Reset. 2. Dictionary. Literature — DeniaL, IceaI, CelT, TunE, IlihumoR, OdessA, NuggeT, AdieU, RiveR, YorE. 3. Arabia, Romans, Amends, Bandit, Indian, Ass.ne.

4.

```
          B
      D   I   E
    D I   T   T   O
  B I T   T   E   R   N
    E T   E   Y   E
      O   R   S
          N
```

5. Mo(u)rn, La(r)va, Par(s)ley, Mi(t)re. 6. Stone, Seton, Notes, Tones, Onset. 7. Alma(Mater)-den. 8. Imp-roved. 9. A thorn in your finger. 10. Locomotive, Lure (rule), Ode (doe), Care (race), Once (cone), Meat (team), Ore (roe), Tone (note), Inch (chin), Vane (nave), Eat (tea).

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 670.

1.—L. G. Myers, 135 South Seventh Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

2.—J. H. Manning, Ypsilanti, Mich.

3.—R. J. Butler, Westerly, R. I.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

GREAT powers are we, and when in man's own hands,
His works perform and help his wondrous plans.

1. A plant, by ancients fabled, so we learn,
   Who ate ne'er wished again home to return;
2. Each day, each hour, as through vast space we're hurled,
   This path we follow with our little world;
3. O'er town where steam makes factory's wheels fast fly,
   With curl it lightly rises to the sky;
4. The player strives his part well to sustain,
   In hopes this from his hearers he may gain;
5. An author, who sends forth his latest book,
   For critic's praise or blame in me doth look.

N. L. S.

2.—METAGRAM.

To pull asunder, if you change head,
A formidable animal you'll have instead;
Change again, and then you know
What a hero ne'er felt, the word will show;
Repeat the same and I tell you
What our parents are 'twill bring to view;
Change once again, and then, I ween,
A most delicious fruit is seen.

3.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant; a swelling; grief and a fabled bird; the art of pottery; a wanderer; a Castilian hero; one hundred.

4.—CHARADE.

By man and woman, boy and girl,
By soldier, sailor, prince and churl
My first is worn where'er we roam,
In foreign lands or here at home.
While plates and letters, toast and mind,
Upon my second oft we find;
My whole in every hall should be—
That is, if furnished properly.

5.—CHARADE.

Sometimes single, sometimes double,
At times to cut, at times to grind,
And any way a deal of trouble
My first full many people find.
My second in its separate sphere
May find a fortune, dig a grave;
And when at meals my whole is near,
Much irritation oft 'twill save.

6.—SQUARE WORDS.

When things are first then let them be
(For dead men tell no tales, they say),
Or else my second you may know,
And surely then will rue the day;
Or strike your third against a stone,
And second follows sure as fate;
So pitch your last on friendship's plain,
And live in joy and peace elate.

7.—ENIGMA.

I shun the fool,
I'm in the school,
With the wise man I am found;
I'm in good books
(In histories look),
With philosophers abound.

Some folks me shun
(Not wisely done);
I'm in the head of man,
With brains, sir—yes,
They me possess;
Now find my name who can.

8.—CHARADE.

I am made on the shore, but my life is afloat;
I'm not a canoe, or a raft, or a boat;
A native must guide me—a white man, alas!
Would stand a poor chance in the surf off Madras.

The sailor's horror and the old maid's joy—
Loved by the maid, and frightened by the boy.

In alphabetic order, all agreed
To give first place; so takes the lead.

A little girl said to her pater,
"It's English for the Latin mater."

He who fights and runs away
Lives to fight another day.

9.—CHARADE.

Estelle, a spoiled beauty, a great second made.
Because her guipure had been sadly first, I will own,
But she stormed in a whole at the unlucky maid,
Who in vain for her carelessness sought to atone.

10.—PREFIX.

A negative prefix to a lock of fine hair,
Make a total which often drives men to despair.
Same prefix combined with a beautiful flower,
Means peril and danger—we shrink from its power.
This prefix, if joined to one month of the year,
May well be described as the climax of fear.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

WHAT women are doing—Men.

A CRUDE interest—A petroleum-well.

WHAT is the difference between a load of unsalable apples and a huckleberry stain on the crumcloth? The answer is, one is a drug on the market and the other is a mark on the drugget.

BASEBALL DEFINITIONS.—The right field—the field of duty. A base hit—a blow below the belt. A dead ball—dancing without music. A good catch—one of the Rothschild girls. Put out on the first—the man who gets April fooled. Never reaches his second—the man who refuses to fight a duel. The champion pitcher—the pitcher that goes often to the fountain and remains unbroken.

AN Irish newspaper the other day had the following heading in its police intelligence: "Suicide of two persons—statement of the one that survived."

FIRST PREPARATORY STUDENT (angrily)—"If you attempt to pull my ears, you'll have your hands full." *Second Prep.* (looking at the ears)—"Well, yes; I rather think I should."

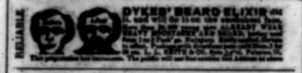
"TRUTH is mighty"—scarce.

A YOUNG married woman, in telling her father about a great loss she had experienced, said: "You see, father, I dreamt that our house was robbed, and it was——" "Very well, then," interrupted the old man, with a growl; "next time be careful what you dream."

A NEW boy at school diverted the minds of the other pupils from their books by munching peanuts, whereupon the teacher relieved him of his edibles and reprimanded him. Next day the master received a note from the new pupil's mother, which conveyed this information: "If my boy kant eat Pee nuts out loud in Skule, I'll educate him myself at home."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW Monster Catalogue! 10,342 Illustrations and prices of Magical Tricks, Revolvers, *Musical Instruments*, Fishing Tackle, *Archery*, Microscopes, Out and indoor Games, Tools, Printing *Presses*, Bracket Saws, *Guns*, sporting goods, etc. *By mail* 10 cents; *none free.* O'Meara's Sporting Bazar, *Opp. U. S. Treasury*, Washington, D. C.

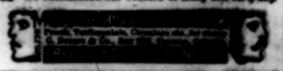


6 SEPIA PHOTOS of STAGE BEAUTIES, 10 cents. W. H. BURKE, Fayetteville, N. Y.

50 Snowflake, Roseate, Damask, etc., Cards, name on each, 10 cents. Chas. E. Kay, New Haven, Conn.

25 of the Prettiest Cards you ever saw, with name, 10c., postpaid. GEO. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

☞ We recommend our readers to *study this carefully.*



THE COLUMBIA BICYCLE.—A practical road-machine. Easy to learn to ride. An ordinary rider can distance the best horse in a day's run over ordinary roads. Send three-cent stamp for twenty-four page catalogue, with price-list and full information. The Pope Manuf'g Co., 95 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

THE EXCELSIOR $3 Press Prints labels, cards etc. (Self-inker $4) 9 Larger sizes For business, pleasure, young or old Catalogue of Presses, Type, Etc., for 2 stamps. KELSEY & Co., Meriden, Conn.

ROTARY JOB PRESS, $100. Ours is the largest factory in the United States

$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. SHAW & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Stamp Collectors! Send 3c. for price lists and a nice sheet of stamps on approval. H. W. Hepham, St. Louis, Mo.

CARDS, 10 Lily-of-the-Valley, 10 Scroll, 10 Engraved, 10 Transparent, 1 Model Love Letter, 1 Card Case, Name on all, 15 cts. WARD & CO., Westville, Conn.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF By sending 35 cents, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address, W. FOX, Box 205, Fultonville, N. Y.

50 Snowflake, Motto, Chromo, Favorite, etc., cards, in gold and jet 10c. Best. BURCKEL & Co., Durham, Ct.

$5 to 20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address, STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address, P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

50 Chromo, snowflake and lace cards, with name, 10c. 40 all chromos, 10c. Star Print'g Co., Northford, Ct.

SEND FOR

Frank Leslie's

MARVELOUSLY CHEAP BOOKS.

8vo., Heavy Paper Covers, Illustrated.

	Cts.
MICHAEL STROGOFF. By JULES VERNE	25
FRITZ, THE EMIGRANT. By CHARLES GAYLER	25
MONTAGUE; OR, THE BELLE OF THE MATINEE. By CHARLES GAYLER	25
REAPING THE WHIRLWIND. By MARY CECIL HAY	25
JACK HARKAWAY OUT WEST AMONG THE INDIANS. By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG	30
LONE WOLF, THE APACHE CHIEF. By ROBERT H. JAYNE	15

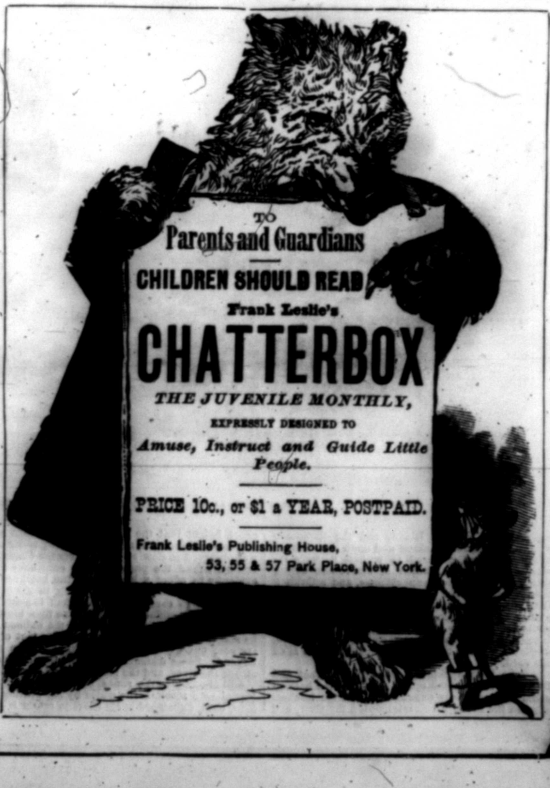
Convenient 12mo. Books, Bound in Boards, Uniform in Style.

LIVING OR DEAD. A Story Founded on Fact. 288 pages, heavy board covers	50
WIFE IN NAME ONLY. By the Author of "Dora Thorne," etc., etc. 288 pages, heavy board covers	50
THE HALF-SISTERS. A Story of Metropolitan Life. 288 pages, heavy board covers	50
A RUSSIAN BULLET AND A BROKEN HEART. 288 pages, heavy board covers	50

For sale by all Newsdealers and at all Bookstores, or sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price named. Address,

Frank Leslie's Publishing House

53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.



TO
Parents and Guardians

CHILDREN SHOULD READ

Frank Leslie's

CHATTERBOX

THE JUVENILE MONTHLY,

EXPRESSLY DESIGNED TO

Amuse, Instruct and Guide Little People.

PRICE 10c., or $1 a YEAR, POSTPAID.

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,
53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York.

ALOFT AND ALOW.

THE Philadelphia *Press*, August 7th, gives the following account of an aeronaut and gymnast's adventure in air and in water:

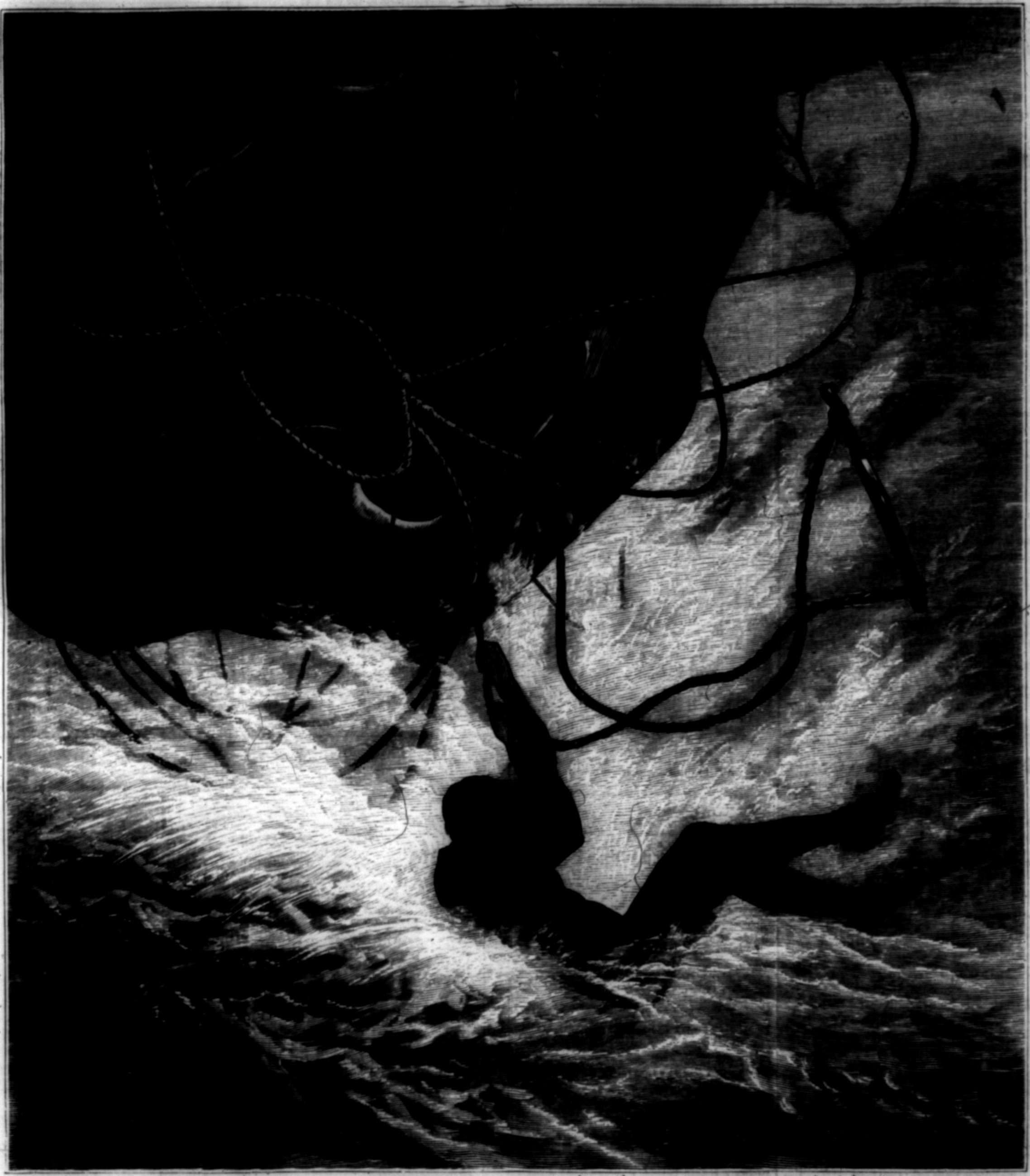
Balloon mania at present is the rage; our people talking only in the clouds, reading about nothing but upper-air currents, and having their own speculations concerning the feasibility of an air-trip to the other world. The mere announcement of a balloon ascension is now sufficient to attract thousands of interested spectators. It was so yesterday.

An ascension was advertised to take place at half-past six P. M., from Point Airy, the southern extremity of Smith's Island, and the thousands who, upon the Jersey shore and upon the wharves of our city, had gathered to witness it, were rewarded with an exhibition of marvelous daring which surpassed their expectations, and a thrilling *dénouement* which they had not anticipated. Monsieur Buislay was the man—the aeronaut and the gymnast—who, upon a single bar attached to a hot-air balloon, was to make the ascent into the upper atmosphere, and there, between heaven and earth, display himself in trapeze performances. He filled the card.

At the hour appointed, from Front Street and Delaware Avenue, the upper portion of the balloon could be seen slowly expanding above the lumber-piles on the island which intercepted the view, and the voices of the multitude swelled into a shout as it suddenly shot upward to the height of several hundred feet toward the clouds. A steady breeze was blowing from the southwest, and as the air-ship moved off to the northward its progress was watched with breathless expectancy by gaping crowds on both sides of the river. Meanwhile, the balloonist, clad in the bespangled costume of a circus actor, went through a variety of evolutions upon the suspended bar, which seemed to float along in the wake of the balloon. Now with his head to the earth, now twisting and turning, the daring man continued to disport himself with the utmost apparent recklessness. He reached such a great height that the gymnastic operations were scarcely visible, but in a short time the gassy floater was observed to slowly descend over the channel at Smith's Island, the purpose of its controller being evidently to effect a landing on the northern extremity of the island. Either owing to the failure of the gas to escape with sufficient rapidity, or because of the stiffness of the breeze then blowing, the attempt was unsuccessful, and the balloon and its manager did not come within thirty feet of the surface, but went sweeping along over the river beyond. Some distance above the island the man struck the river, and the rest is told in a word.

Still clinging to the ropes, he was dragged at a fearful rate through the water by his drifting balloon, until, exhausted in his effort to retain a hold, he was compelled to let go, and to strike out for his life toward the shore. Sailboats shifted their courses, and rowboats pulled rapidly for him—apparently drowning—but ahead of them all the ferry-boat *America*, which had left the Market Street slip to cross the bar, reached him just as he was about giving up, and took him on board. The credit of his rescue is due to the night force of the *America*, who lost no time in running a ladder into the water, by which the man was helped on the boat in a thoroughly exhausted condition.

The balloon brought up against the piers at Cooper's Point, where it was afterward recovered by Monsieur Buislay.



ALOFT AND ALOW.—ACCIDENT TO AN AERONAUT, WHO MADE AN ASCENSION AT POINT AIRY, NEAR PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A BABE IN THE WOODS.

THE Burlington (Vt.) *Free Press* contains an account of a little girl's wanderings and death in the forests near Ripton. Two little girls, the daughters of Mr. J. E. Goodyear, were sent on an errand to a neighbor's house half a mile away. Returning, one of them went by the road and the other took a foot-path through the woods. Julia, who had gone by the road, returned home safely, but the other, Bertha, who was only nine years old, did not appear, and her mother, becoming anxious, started at once in search of her daughter. Soon finding that the little girl had wandered from the path, she gave an alarm, and a small body of men that constantly received accessions formed a skirmish line, and the forest was thoroughly searched for about a mile and a half, with no success, excepting the finding of the girl's tracks at two widely separated points.

All the logging roads, with which the forest abounded, were closely examined, when darkness put an end to the search for a few hours. Reinforcements having arrived, a force of over a hundred men followed the roads by lantern light for an hour or two, when, that failing, a halt was ordered until daybreak, when some hundred and fifty men pushed on, determined to find the little one. They found tracks following the north branch of the Middlebury River, which flows through some steep hills in a rough, rocky chasm that would appall any of the strongest nerves from undertaking its descent. For some mile and a half further the girl was tracked, in which distance she crossed the branch twice, and having reached the junction of the stream with the south ford, she again crossed the stream, clambered up a high, almost perpendicular rock, and, overcome by the excessive exertions of the last few hours, lost her hold and fell thirty feet to the rocks and river below, crushing in a small portion of her skull in the upper part of the forehead.

She was apparently instantly killed, and floated into an eddy of shallow water, where she was found about 6:30 by the searchers, and after a little delay was taken to her almost distracted parents.